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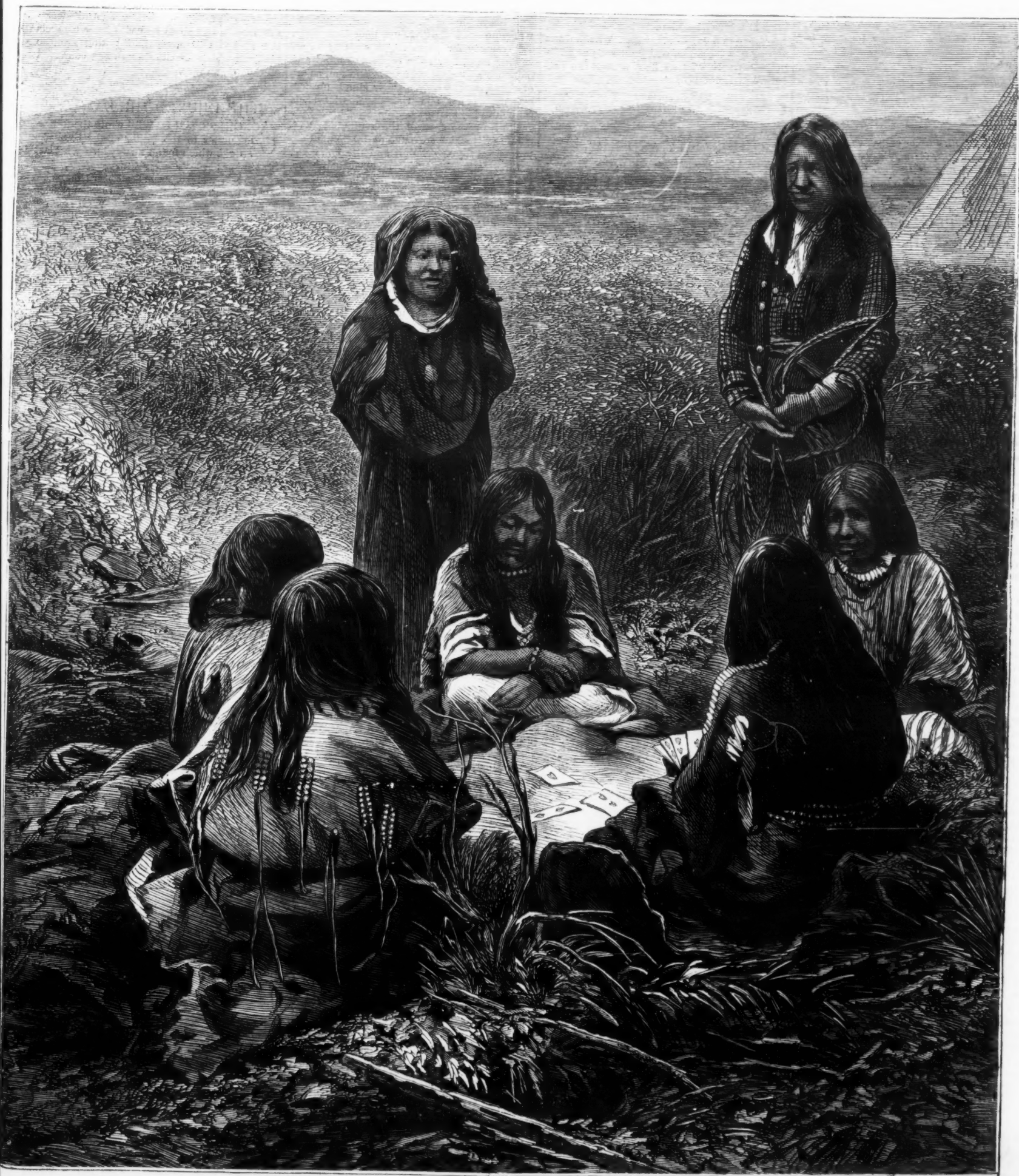


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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

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13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



UTAH.—A GROUP OF SQUAWS OF THE SNAKE TRIBE OF INDIANS PLAYING CARDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 351.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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#### OUR SUPPLEMENT.

##### A NEW FEATURE.

We desire to call the attention of our friends to the new feature of our paper, the literary Supplement introduced in connection with our last week's issue. We propose to continue to present to our readers monthly a similar Supplement, in the form of a pamphlet of 32 octavo pages (in convenient form for binding) embracing all the most interesting articles and stories from the English magazines. This additional attraction, involving as it does a large outlay of money, cannot fail to be appreciated by the public.

We invite attention to our column under head of "Editorial Mention," for a full summary of the more important and latest news. The Congressional record is especially interesting.

#### POPULAR EDUCATION—SHALL IT BE COMPULSORY?

WE reviewed, some time ago, briefly, the Common School systems of the nations. That article was induced by General Grant's recommendation on the subject of popular education throughout this country, which he seems to think is under the control of the Federal Power. General Grant's suggestion has been embodied in what is called the Educational Bill, which devotes the entire proceeds of the public lands of the United States to be set apart as an educational fund, and apportioned among the States in proportion to population, for the support of common schools. Since our article was published, we have had the pleasing evidence that this subject has excited the universal attention of such of the Governors of the different States as have, during the period referred to, delivered their Messages. And we are glad to note that the New York Tribune and Rev. H. W. Beecher have recently suggested the idea of Compulsory Education. In all the States from which we have officially heard, through their Governors, schools are doing well; they are increasing, and new institutions of learning are being founded. In our own State, Governor Dix makes a most gratifying exhibit of the condition of the Schools.

In our former article, to which we have alluded above, in connection with the state of education in other countries, we called attention to the neglect of England in this respect, and to the remarkable fact that, in 1851, "the returns of many of her schools were signed by the master or mistress with a mark—the teacher not knowing how to write." Our authority for this striking statement will be found on page 18 of a work entitled, "The Lawyer in the School-room." Compiled by Mr. N. McN. Walsh, A.M., LL.B. London: published by Trubner & Co., Paternoster Row. Mr. Walsh says: "The neglect of the Government to provide schools for the masses has filled England with the most brutal and ignorant populace in Europe. In 1851, the returns of 708 schools were signed by the master or mistress with a mark, the teacher not knowing how to write. These," says Mr. Walsh, "were what were called inferior schools; but the same strange fact occurred in thirty-five public schools, most of them having endowments." In another and very different style of writing from this of Mr. Walsh, Charles Dickens notes the same general facts.

We should be warned by this neglect of so great, and in many respects liberal, a power as that of England—the land from which the world derives so much in every department of mind and culture. Americans do not rest for perpetuity on an enlightened Privileged Class. Our security is in the diffusion of education. It is on the masses we anchor as our security against the encroachment of mere prerogative. Our maxims are, "Self-government," "The world is governed too much," "Power is constantly stealing from the many to the few," "Error is harmless while Truth is left free to combat it."

The States of Rhode Island, Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky,

Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, by positive law, enact that teachers shall be moral and fit. Their legislation on the subject is careful and uniform to secure fitness and morality in those who have the charge of the young. At this moment we are without access to the enactments of our other States on this subject. Generally, in these enumerated States, the law fully provides the remedy against incompetent or immoral teachers. And this is an entering-wedge to the compulsory system. But we do not know of any State in which education is made compulsory. Boston, however, has municipal regulations which nearly compel education for some of its lazzaroni.

We urge upon the Press the discussion of this question. We confess that we strongly incline to the side of compulsory education. We know from the census that more than one-seventh of our population, 5,658,000 men, women, and children, over ten years of age, cannot write their own names.

Guardianship of the young in this respect is certainly a duty which Government owes them, as well because they are (in this sense) its wards, as for the equally strong reason that is based on public policy. There can be no doubt of the constitutional right of the Legislatures to coerce education.

We live in a day of progress. We are rid of slavery and secession, and shall soon be rid of polygamy. Now let us fight against the barbarism of Ignorance,

"—that curse of God.

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven!"

#### MORALITY AND LAW.

MORAL Associations, when they degrade themselves into the estate of mere spies and informers, will be certain to sink into uselessness and contempt. This class of Reformers—if based on the example of the Saviour—will never ally themselves to secular Rings. They will not serve the ends of Mammon on the one hand, by lending their aid to monopolies, that they may suppress one sort of publication and build up another. Nor will they be so short-sighted as to seek to inveigle railroad authorities, to aid them in a censorship by which one class of reading matter shall be proscribed and excluded from sale on the public cars, while another class of publication is fostered by the same agency.

This kind of impertinence is not only anti-Christian, but it is opposed to the genius of our Democracy. We Americans boast—and justly—that we are emancipated from mere priest-craft—that sort of juggling by which mankind were debased in the darker ages, but from which the spirit of Christ has "made us free." In principle there is no difference between the Inquisition which, in the name of God, racks the sufferer, because of his opinions, on the wheel, and that other Inquisition which, under the mask (perhaps well meant) of morality, assumes wholly secular functions. The absurd and tyrannical period which tolerated this sort of tyranny has passed away. At length the human mind is free. Americans think as they please and read what they please. Properly, there is a law against lewd pictures and lewd literature. But this law is not based on inference. It is predicated on fact. The commonest understanding can distinguish between the picture or other publication which is designed for obscene purposes only, and that class of literature which the impure or daintily sentimental mind may choose to construe as bad currency. Manifestly we cannot tolerate any usurpation like this censorship—this union of Church and State. If we did, how rapidly, step by step, would its retrograde course land us into Egyptian bondage, into the rule of the Spanish Inquisition, and to the absurdity of our own old Blue Laws.

Names are nothing when compared with objects and doctrines. The "livery of Heaven" is often stolen "to serve the Devil in." Puritanism run mad is equally offensive to public policy, as would be the rule of sheer Materialism. Hence, even "Young Men's Christian Associations," so productive of incalculable good, when confined within the sphere which the Divine Master marked out by His own example, will soon lose their moral force and sink into odium if they attempt, unwisely, any assault upon the legal rights of their fellow-men. Once progressed too far in the direction which we reprehend, they will arouse an opposition which they cannot possibly withstand. Properly directed, on the contrary, their efforts are, and will ever be, applauded and aided by all good citizens. Even the bigoted rulers of the Jews acknowledged that they could find no fault with the Son of God, for any reason which was founded on His interference—other than such as addressed the soul—with secular concerns.

We are partly impelled to these remarks, because we learn with regret that "Moral Associations are formed," and are active in the work—for the purpose of censorship over such literature as is sold on our steamboats and steam-cars. But we have, if possible, a higher purpose in view in this article.

On every hand we behold the aggressions of Corruption. There is no form of iniquity which National and State policy has not wedded with individual greed—as is but too evident from the countless and defiant combinations in Washington, and in all our States, called Rings, which make Capital fat and despotic, while they bring the poor often nigh beggary, and almost crush out their spirit; reducing an element of the laboring classes, by the power of Wealth over Necessity, sometimes to the condition of slaves. Here, now, is a theme for the Pulpit! Here are scope and verge for the efforts of reformers, worthy of His spirit who scourged traffickers out of the Temple. Let the Moralists and Religionists inveigh against these natural enemies to human Rights. Flame forth against these all the artillery of tongue and pen. But is the Church, are the Moralists, performing this duty?

The fact of the Communists and of the Internationals—dangerous elements, we concede—still warns us that a problem is unsolved which may yet work itself out, as did the same problem in the days of the great French Revolution. Who is to control this problem? Shall it be men of thought and culture? Shall it be the red-hot mob? The delusive game of "playing with fire" cannot long last safely. The remedy for great social evils is in attacking such, by all the engines of mind and influence and constitutional legislation, as are of prime dignity only. He is simply absurd, and makes his aim ridiculous, who loads cannon to kill sparrows.

Now, in the face of these unrebuked gigantic evils which surround and threaten us—unrebuked by the Pulpit and the Moralists, or, if assailed by them, assailed indirectly, meekly, impersonally, and with gloves—is it not a little farcical to see the great power of the United States, at the suggestion and on the information of—we repeat, perhaps, well-meaning—"moralists," concentrated to plunge the mountebank Woodhulls and George Francis Train into the Tombs? Is there not room enough for such folks as Train and Woodhull to live, in the light of this century, until they go out in the public contempt and derision? Or, if such be legally public nuisances, do not the State laws adequately protect a sensitive public against such offenders? Or, does not the law of libel suffice? And, likewise, is it not amusing to witness a hunt after "obscene literature," precisely partaking—in this age!—of the bigotry which Shakespeare ridiculed when he said, so wisely and wittily, "What! shall my walk be a jig, when I perceive, by the excellent constitution of my leg, that it was formed under the star of a galliard!" And again, as follows:

"There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny. . . . I will make it felony to sell small beer. . . . I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school. And, whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and contrary to the King's crown and dignity, thou hast built a papermill."—(Jack Cade, in Henry VI.)

#### THE HOLY SEE.

JUST now, the Catholic Church is in a strange condition. Since the revolution of 1848, every year has seen some fresh calamity to the Holy See. All the nations of Europe that adhered to the Latin Communion have either withdrawn their support, or rid themselves of the dynasties which were in most intimate relations with the Pontiff. Ferdinand of Naples, Isabella of Spain, and Louis Napoleon are driven from their thrones or dead. The Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany are swept away. Austria has gone back on all her concessions. The patrimony of St. Peter is almost swallowed up by the new-formed Kingdom of Italy. And Rome is now the seat of Government of the House of Savoy.

The condition of the Holy See in Germany is well known. Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck have expelled the Jesuits, on the pretext that they were dangerous, un-German, and friendly to France. In Italy, the deepest hatred prevails between the Church and the State. Victor Emmanuel, it is true, desires to be relieved from the sentence of excommunication, under which he rests, from the head of the Church, and he wants the Pope to accept the dotation voted by the Italian Chambers. But Public Opinion, which is stronger than the King, transferred the States of the Church to the House of Savoy; Public Opinion has secularized the revenues of the Church, and it has extinguished monastic houses.

The Italian Senate has very recently approved the Bill forbidding theological instruction in the Public Schools. This action of the Senate is notable for the reason that it proves that Catholicism is no longer the ruling power in its old stronghold. This educational fact reveals a revolution which is one of the most wondrous in modern times. Contrast this legislation for a moment with the educational condition of Catholic Italy twenty years ago!

The "Religious Houses" is also a great question before the Italian Parliament. One sees in these governmental surroundings the

foregone conclusion that this session of their Parliament will witness the end of monastic establishments in Italy. These venerable institutions must bend to the same public sentiment which forced Victor Emmanuel to the occupation of Rome. In vain do the Italian Ministry try to moderate the radicalism of the people. The public cry is that the breaking up of the Religious Houses is not radical enough. The people demand the confiscation of all the revenues of the monasteries. Scarcely less wonderful is the passage of the Italian Civil Marriage Bill, approved by the King, by which marriage is made wholly a civil contract.

And the Holy See is in trouble, too, in Switzerland, of whose Cantons about one-half only are Catholic. The question of Papal Infallibility has been recently stirred there, and six Cantons have voted against such infallibility. The result was a rupture of all relations with the Papacy—and the withdrawal of the Papal Charge, who demanded his passports, and left.

It is not for us to comment in a sectarian spirit on these strange facts. We represent a democracy, whose mission is one of charity, peace and good will to all the religions of civilized mankind—to advocate freedom of conscience and religious toleration. And—whatsoever may be said about its past—truth compels the avowal that many and lasting are the blessings which the Old Church has conferred on the human race.

#### THE INJURED MR. DAWES.

CONGRESSMAN DAWES wrote the following letter to the Editor of the Syracuse Herald, which found its way into print last September:

"PITTSFIELD, Mass., September 11th, 1872.

"MY DEAR ROGERS—I thank you for denouncing as a false libel the charge of the New York Sun, so far as I am concerned. Neither Oakes Ames nor any other man, dead or alive, ever gave me, directly or indirectly, a penny of the stock of the 'Crédit Mobilier,' or of any other corporation in this world. I never owned a dollar of any stock or any property of any kind that I did not pay the full value of, with my own money, earned with my own labor. Truly, yours, 'H. L. DAWES.'"

Now, as Mr. Fluellen, the Welshman, remarks of one ancient Pistol (vide Shakespeare's "Henry V.") these "be prave words!" And yet Mr. Dawes has been compelled to eat these words, just as Pistol was forced (by Fluellen's club) to eat a leek. The Crédit Mobilier investigation has not only plucked Mr. Dawes of his peacock feathers, but it has singed him as well. Mr. Dawes is forced to admit before the Committee that, though Mr. Ames did not give him the stock, yet that Mr. Ames did invest one thousand dollars for Mr. Dawes in that stock, and guaranteed him ten per cent. on the investment. The stock, at the time Dawes's one thousand were so invested in it, was at a premium. It was worth in the market more than twice the amount he paid for it. Such is the difference between giving stock and not giving it! But where is the microscope which can help one to discover the proportions of this distinction?

True, Mr. Dawes did not lie in the above letter. He only concealed the truth. He swaggered out a defiant "denial" and explanation, in which he concealed the facts in the case; that's all! And may not a "gentleman," and a "Congressman withal," do a little thing of this sort unrebuked? If he may not, we should like to know what's the use of spotless "public character," such as that of Mr. Dawes, or of Mr. Colfax, or of Mr. Wilson, for example. Think of the innocents described by the wag whom Coleridge quotes, as burlesquing Wordsworth, thus:

"Coo, doves, and rest!  
Pretties! be blest!  
May no spoiler be found  
Such sweet love to wound  
As lives in that innocent nest."

#### THE "TRIBUNE" NOT "ORTHODOX."

THE "orthodox" censors, it seems, have begun, in a mild way, on our friends of the Tribune. In our neighbor's issue of January 21st we find the following editorial rap at some would-be over-nice "moralist," viz.:

"A friendly correspondent complains of the space which the Tribune devotes to reports of meetings and lectures that are not of a strictly orthodox character. He appears not to have taken in the idea that the first duty of a daily journalist is to announce the events of the day without regard to sectarian or party interests."

That's it! Why not suppress the news of the day? That is, if the news is not what Jenkins would call "nice"! If a rape is committed, if a seduction is perpetrated, if a ballet is danced with legs too much exposed, if a liaison ends in a divorce suit, if some horrid sexual disease is warned against by an advertiser who professes to cure it, if a dissection takes place full of admonitions such as the dreadful pencil of Hogarth teaches in his "Rake's Progress," or in that thrilling print which is so terrible a lesson against Cruelty—if such things happen, as they do

daily, why not suppress them? And if the Illustrated Press point the moral of such intelligence with the pencil, why not call it "obscene"? By all means let us abolish such immortal scoundrels as Sterne and Swift, and supply their places with the honest *Joseph Surfaces*, who deal in dollar-store-gold sentiment!

### SPECIAL LEGISLATION.

WE are glad to note that Special Legislation is denounced in every important State, by the Governors, whose Messages have lately reached us. Special Legislation, of which two-thirds of the work of most Legislatures has been composed, is simply a curse. It (1) occupies by far the larger portion of the time of the Legislatures, and thus crowds important matters to the wall. (2) That which is useful in it is mostly provided for well enough in general laws. But (3) the worst feature of this Special Legislation is, that it is the parent of all that corruption which the *Crédit Mobilier* and Tweed represent. And (4) in this way Special Legislation tempts rogues into legislative seats who else would rob elsewhere—greatly to the purification of legislative halls!

The public good in the main is, of late years, hindered, and not helped, by chartered companies and monopolists, most of which are but "humbugs," blackmailing machines, and rotten stock speculations, which, like dogs in the manger, will neither do, nor suffer good to be done. Relieved from these obstacles—for example—how soon Private Enterprise would provide cheap rapid transit for New York! But now a million of enterprising people are stalled by every snow-storm, waiting on the will of Mr. Vanderbilt & Co.

### LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. XI.

#### OUR FRUITS—WHAT REMAINS?

THE Reform Party, by the official tables of the election returns and the census of 1870, as I have before demonstrated, show a clear majority on the popular vote against General Grant. Because, of 8,700,000 persons entitled to vote last November, but 3,579,798 voted for General Grant. These plain figures cannot be pettifogged out of existence—figures do not lie. The "seal" cannot be "railed" either "from off this" pregnant fact.

It is evident that the Administration is beginning to wake up to the magnitude of this reserved and overshadowing popular power; for the reason that it really, or affectedly, is professing to pay deference to leading requirements of the Reformers. In two vital matters the Reform Party can point with pride to the fruits which it has borne, even under the Grant rule. First, it is with something like grateful pleasure I acknowledge that it is to General Grant's compelled influence we owe the developments made before the reluctant *Crédit Mobilier* Committee which have revealed that mountain of corruption, which was so befogged in the Presidential canvass that the masses of the people could not see it with sufficient clearness to realize the truth of its existence. Many of our best men thought the accusations then made (all of which, in the main, were solemn truths) were but scandals and lies of the campaign. And I wish to think that, perhaps, General Grant was of this number. In addition to the sickening disclosures of jobbery on their own legislation by members of Congress, which this testimony proves, we see also by it how the popular franchise was invaded—as in Pennsylvania—and how Legislatures have been purchased to vote for United States Senators!

Besides the exposures in this connection which were developed when I last talked with my readers, we have now the startling evidence that the directors and stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad Company made a bargain by which they let to themselves the contract for building the Road! The estimated profits on this job were \$30,000,000. And still this Road is burdened with debt, and in arrears to the Government, while it is proven that *Crédit Mobilier* stocks have paid 1,500 per cent. dividends in a year and a half. And even yet more than all of this, viz.: this same Road, by authority of the Act of Congress, March 3d, 1871 (enacted two years after Mr. Ames "placed" his stock), receives half-pay from the Treasury without meeting the interest which that pay was to secure! By this law, this compensation is made retrospective as well as prospective, the language being that the United States shall pay it "one-half the compensation at the rate provided by law for such services heretofore, or hereafter, rendered." By this legislative scheme this Road has drawn half-pay, not only since the passage of the Act, March 3d, 1871, but from the day it first began to do service on any part of it, some eight or nine years ago. And the heart sickens to see the flagrant proof before the Committee which convicts Colfax, Wilson, Patterson and Dawes of the most shameful falsehood, as well as corruption, in this matter. The exposure of this gigantic waste, of this squandered treasure, is due to our power. And we should see to it—as in Tweed's case—that the Government shall get back its share of what has been so (morally) stolen.

And I warmly congratulate our friends—and the President as well—on the timely Executive Order which has been issued relating to Federal officers holding State positions. The President's Order notifies such that they cannot accept State, County or Municipal office, and still keep that which the National Government

has conferred. This rule will, to some extent, separate national and local politics. The argument used by the President in support of this Order is an argument also against the use of the power and influence of Federal patronage and office in local politics. To illustrate: If this Order shall be acquiesced in by the Senate, and obeyed—if it be not a sham—postmasters, collectors, and the like, cannot leave deputies to manage their offices, while they absent themselves to corrupt Legislatures, to pack "primaries," and to suborn conventions. Such functionaries will be restrained, in these respects, within such limits as confine private citizens in like matters.

And again: However common the sight may be to witness Senator Morton in the rôle of a Weathercock, yet it is a hopeful sign to notice this cunning party trimmer again shifting now. To-day Senator Morton is filling his sails with our popular breeze. He is the prominent advocate in the Senate of our suggested reform in the mode of electing a President of the United States. He favors such election by a direct popular vote. This also is the work of the Reform Party—a party, by-the-way, which can very well afford to dispense with Mr. Morton's services as a leader! To perfect this reform, we have but to limit its tenure and include the One-Term principle, as applied to the Presidential Office.

These reform wedges cannot well be taken out of the body politic. For many future years the example of the *Crédit Mobilier* will terrify Congressional Kings. Vigilant eyes will watch the application of the Executive Order above referred to respecting the Civil Service. And though Congress may whitewash the guilty, and affect to say that they have no legal jurisdiction over acts of members done before election, or during a former term of service—still a public sentiment is aroused, which will make corruption far less easy than heretofore it has been; while those who, as in Morton's case, dishonestly "gerrymander" their State Districts for Senatorial ends—or who, as in the cases of Senator Caldwell, ex-Senator Harlan, etc., buy Legislatures and journals and rivals outright, for the same object—will be fearfully on their guard, and suspect "each bush an officer," for a long time to come.

Two grave matters are before the country which invite the special vigilance of the Reformers. The first of these is the Santo Domingo job, now acquired by purchase, as my readers are aware, and in the hands of a Company. This is substantially General Grant's old plan. If we are to believe the Secretary of State, whose language I quote from the *New York Herald*, of the 19th of January, "it is merely a private speculation. The Government has nothing to do with it." But we must watch that point. This Company have imperial powers. They have already combined and float the *United States and Dominican flags*; and (as far as I am advised at this writing) they have assumed their acquisition, without the farce even of the promised plebiscite. I say "the farce," because nine-tenths of that population are uneducated and ignorant.

Finally, we must demand liberal reforms in the South. Take the example of South Carolina, where vast fields of the richest lands are in weeds; where the Radical negroes reign supreme; where all the legislation is discriminated against the whites; where all the burdens of taxation are on the white man's back; and where—though they have been freedmen and the rulers for the past eight years—all industries have been so neglected by the truly innocent but betricked negro, that rags, worthlessness, a neglected soil, and demoralization everywhere prevail; where the prospect for abandoned plantations, year by year, grows darker and darker; and where, between the tax-gatherer and the sheriff, productive land is often selling at less than one dollar per acre!

JUNIUS.

#### A TIMELY ODE.

LONG may he live, that man of soul!  
Filled be his bin with red-ash coal,  
Till halos crown his saintly poll,  
Who spreads his ashes.

And when he leaves this world of slides,  
And with grim death serenely glides,  
May this be heard, and naught besides—  
"Peace to his ashes."

#### EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—The House has repealed the Bankruptcy Law.—At the request of the Committee on Commerce, the House has set apart the 13th of February next for the consideration of the President's suggested Internal Improvements. This they did by a vote of 106 to 30—which is strong presumptive evidence that these schemes will pass. These embrace, notably, the Virginia Ship Canal Bill, the James River and Kanawha Canal Bill, and the Bill to connect the waters of the Tennessee and Savannah Rivers, by way of the Coosa River, Georgia. The Niagara Bill provides that Government shall construct a canal around the Falls, by direct appropriation from the Treasury, and that no tolls shall be levied upon vessels, except such as may be necessary to pay the operating expenses and keep the canal in good order. Estimated expense, \$12,000,000. The James River Kanawha Canal Bill creates a Board of Commissioners—one to be appointed by the President, and one by each of the States of Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia and Maryland, who are to construct and control the canal from Richmond to the Ohio River, by the way of James, Jackson, Greenbrier, New and Kanawha Rivers. The States of Virginia and West Virginia are to relinquish to the United States all their interest in the James River and Kanawha Canal, and in the great Kanawha River improvement. Government aid for the work to be furnished to the extent of \$8,000,000 in bonds. This would be but a small part of the outlay necessary to complete the work, and the Government will, no doubt, be called on for further contributions if the Bill passes. The third Bill proposes a similar Government loan for the construction of the Atlantic and

Great Western Canal, to connect the waters of the Tennessee River with those of Savannah, and thus make a great water highway navigable for steamboats from St. Louis and the Northwest to the Atlantic Ocean at Savannah. The estimated cost of this work is \$39,000,000, which it is proposed the Government shall advance, controlling the canal by commissioners, and receiving the tolls until entirely reimbursed for its expenditure.—The majority of the Senate Committee report adversely on the House Bill for the Relief of the Boston Sufferers.—The President says that he knew nothing of the Santo Domingo job, until he was telegraphed to say if the Government would have any objection to the purchase of Samana Bay from the Baez Government, to which he responded, "None."—The Documents accompanying the President's response to the House on Louisiana matters are just out. Casey telegraphs to the President (December 11th) that the "Democratic Party are getting dangerous; that Pinchback must have troops." He says: "If this be done, all difficulty will be dissipated and the party saved, and the tide turn at once in our favor." Again, Casey, same day, telegraphs the President: "The Democratic members are taking their seats. It is important that you immediately recognize Governor Pinchback's Legislature." Mr. Kellogg telegraphs the Attorney-General (same date) to the same effect. December 12th Casey telegraphs the President: "The Supreme Court is known to be in sympathy with the Republican State Government." Attorney-General Williams disposes of the Louisiana matter by saying, flippantly, that all will be settled by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, who, on the examination of the credentials, will necessarily be compelled to examine the whole subject and to determine the rival claims. This Dogberry law of the Attorney-General is intolerable pettifoggery. The rival State Governments cannot be settled by Congress. The settlement of credentials is quite a different thing from settling the claims of rival state Governments! Most probably there will be a new election in Louisiana. There are three applicants from Louisiana for seats in the Senate now before the Senate Committee on Privileges. These are P. B. S. Pinchback, elected by the Kellogg Legislature for the long term; John Ray, elected by the same organization for the unexpired term of William P. Kellogg, now acting Governor of Louisiana; and the third is W. L. McMillan, chosen by the Warmoth Legislature for the short term. The Committee propose to find out which electoral vote was chosen; whether the State election was legal, and whether there is a legal government now existing in Louisiana.—The *Crédit Mobilier* continues to disgust with its revelations. Mr. Ames is now a witness, refreshed with memory—like a giant with new wine! He contradicts the swearing members of Congress, and, if he is to be believed, convicts them of perjury. As, for example, he swears that Mr. Henry Wilson had twenty shares of the stock; Scofield, ten; Patterson, thirty; Bingham, twenty; Colfax, twenty; Garfield, ten; Dawes, ten; J. F. Wilson, ten; and Allison, ten; on which all of them received dividends. The pious Wilson pocketed \$1,200 in dividends; the exemplary Colfax pursed \$1,200 ditto. Now, how happens it that Mr. Colfax received twelve hundred dollars dividend on a stock which he denies having an interest in? Which shall be believed, Ames, who swears reluctantly and without motive, or Colfax, who is testifying in his own behalf? Mr. Patterson, who so boldly said, "I never owned any stock—I never received any dividends in *Crédit Mobilier*," has been convicted by his own testimony of falsehood, as thus: "Washington, January 22d, 1868. Received of Oakes Ames eighteen hundred dollars, on account of dividends, received by him as trustee on stock held for my account. J. W. PATTERSON." "Boston, May 6th, 1871. Received of Oakes Ames two hundred shares Union Pacific Railroad stock and seven hundred and fifty-seven twenty-four hundredths in cash, on account of *Crédit Mobilier* stock; and there is still due on the transaction thirty shares of stock in the *Crédit Mobilier* of America, and two thousand dollars in the income bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad. J. W. PATTERSON." Mr. Ames produced a letter addressed to him by Patterson as recently as January 7th, after the investigation had commenced, but not yet held in public. In that letter he "begs off," imploring the good Ames to correct the testimony he had given so as to harmonize it with his (Patterson's) statement. This unmanly epistle places Patterson in a more unfavorable light than any of the other accused, with the exception of Vice-President Colfax.—The Treasury commenced the payment of interest, maturing February 1st, on the funded loan, on Monday, January 27th, without rebate.—The House, by a decided vote, defeated the Cotton Tax Refunding Bill.—The great Government Board of Commerce and Trade project has also been defeated in the House.—The Secretary of the Treasury has decided not to offer the contract for the negotiation of the remaining \$300,000,000 five per cent. loan in open market. Several propositions have been considered by the Secretary, and several different parties have sought the contract, which has finally been awarded to what we may consider two new Syndicates. The total amount is divided equally between Jay Cooke & Co. and Morton, Bliss & Co., with Drexel, Morgan & Co.—The Geneva Award may be thus summed up: The central idea of the Report is, that nothing was awarded to individual claimants at Geneva; that the fifteen and a half millions were given to the United States; that the distribution of this sum, or of any part of it, rests entirely within the discretion of the United States; that the money is subject to no trust, and especially to no legal rights in any individuals or corporations which can be made good against the United States. This rule is rigidly adhered to throughout the whole discussion. The Committee enumerate the classes of damages which are to be considered in the distribution of these funds: First, the cases of those who lost vessels and cargoes uninsured; second, actual losses of officers and crews, in property uninsured or partially insured, in wages actually earned, and losses incurred by being left adrift or landed in some foreign port; third, the losses of the United States in vessels and cargoes, which are trifling. In the next rank the Committee place the extra war premiums paid by merchants in the regular course of business.

FOREIGN.—Our dates up to January 27th give foreign news, of which we make the following summary: The Vera Cruz and Mexico Railroad is finished. The festivities on the occasion, dating from January 15th, lasted a week. The political condition of the country is quiet and peaceful.—Lord Lytton was buried in London on January 24th. Among the notables present at his funeral were Mr. Gladstone and Chief Justice Cockburn.—Prince Bismarck appeared at Berlin, in the Chamber of Deputies, on January 25th, for the first time since his resignation,

and was warmly received. The Prince made a speech, in which he asserted that Bismarck's resignation was occasioned solely by ill-health. That there was no disagreement between any of his colleagues and himself.—Oscar II. of Sweden will be crowned on the 21st of May proximo.—Dates from Lisbon, January 24th, confirm the burning of the United States steamship *Erie*. No details, except that no lives were lost. The accident happened January 1st, about 90 miles north of Pernambuco.—Seven thousand four hundred and ninety-seven Chinese coolies were imported into Havana during the past year.

In the Tweed case, Andrew J. Garvey tells how the money was assessed around upon the Tammany Plunderers, which Tweed spent in buying up a Republican Legislature to pass the Tweed Charter: "I gave the checks to my brother; about this time Ingersoll came to me, and said that the old man, meaning Tweed, wanted \$50,000 from me; I told him I had given him \$10,000 a short time before; he replied that he wanted \$40,000 more, and that a number of others would also be obliged to contribute; Ingersoll said that Tweed wanted the money in Albany, and the sum raised was \$100,000; it was given to my brother to carry to Albany to give to Tweed, and he took it to him." Garvey also testifies thus: "I went to see Tweed, to ask if there was to be a Committee of Investigation of the Senate to inquire into the financial affairs of the city, and Tweed said, in reply: 'If there is, we will have to buy them up. We will have to put up for it; and you will have to put up, too.'" If Tweed is convicted under the present indictment for his thefts of millions, he can be fined \$250 and imprisoned for one year. Here is a prosecution and law for contemplation!

THE Press is beginning to ask if the corrupt rascals in Congress—the Cats whom we send there to watch cream-pots—are not to be expelled?

ROSCOE CONKLING was re-elected United Senator on January 22d, for the term of six years, from the 4th of next March.

THE telegram reports the death, on January 22d, of the celebrated Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston, who was a writer of note, descended from our best revolutionary blood, a leader of fashion, and one of our most active philanthropists.

THE reorganization of the Liberal Republicans has been begun in New Hampshire by leading gentlemen, who are taking active and concerted measures in the coming Spring campaign to make their influence felt.

DATES from Madrid (January 22d) give the important fact that Emancipation will be complete in Porto Rico before long. The Special Committee of Congress on the Abolition of Slavery have published their report, and the Bill is probably under discussion. It indemnifies the slaveholders.

A SIXTH Atlantic cable is being canvassed for among capitalists in England, to be laid from Liverpool to New York direct, 3,200 miles, at a cost of \$5,000,000. A new French cable, for which the money has already been subscribed, is to be 800 miles shorter, and is to possess a carrying capacity of 27 words per minute.

TELEGRAMS from Bombay and London up to the 27th inst. leave no room for doubt concerning the fact that the Central Asiatic territory which borders the British dominion in Afghanistan is very seriously disturbed by the war movements of several native contending chiefs. Fort Hissar, a dependency of Cabool, has been captured by one of the chiefs. The Governor of the place was made prisoner. Fort Hissar constitutes an excellent central point of advance for Russia should she decide to march on Afghanistan-Turkistan. Special Cabinet dispatches of an important character, addressed to the English Ambassador in St. Petersburg, were forwarded from London to the Russian Capital last Monday, so it is quite probable that we shall learn, within a few days, something definite as to the exact state of the relations which exist between Russia and Great Britain on the Asiatic question.

THE Dowager Empress Amelia of Brazil died in Lisbon on the 27th inst. She was a first cousin of the late Napoleon III.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AGNES ETHEL is to marry a wealthy New Yorker.

MR. EDWIN ADAMS is acting throughout Michigan.

THE St. James Theatre, in Boston, is to be transformed into stores.

MARIETTA RAVEL is playing in the "Wild Cat" and the "French Spy," at Wood's Museum.

MR. FRECHTER is expected to open his new theatre in New York about Easter, and perhaps before.

THE Theatre Royal, at Dublin, has been purchased by its lessee, Mr. John Harris—for 22 years a manager in that city.

MR. JOHN DILLON has won a good deal of praise, for a performance of *Jeremiah Beetle*, in "Babes in the Wood," at Hooley's Opera House, Chicago.

THE Boston Gazette of January 11th. says: "No stranger attending the opera on Wednesday evening would imagine Boston had lost \$70,000,000 within 60 days."

THE Lucca-Kellogg Italian Opera Company will commence a short Spring season at the Academy of Music in March, during which a new repertoire will be drawn upon.

"ALIXE" has been produced at the New Fifth Avenue Theatre, and is a decided success. It was preceded by an address written by John Brougham, and spoken by the entire company.

FEBRUARY 3d. Mr. Florence begins an engagement at Booth's Theatre, as *Bob Brierly* in the "Ticket-of-Leave-Man." Mr. Booth appeared as *Benedict* in "Much Ado about Nothing," at the matinee, Saturday, January 25th.

THE Buffalo Choral Union, a young society of great promise and excellence, recently gave a grand concert, under the direction of Mr. Carl, at St. James Hall, in that city, which was not largely attended, but conferred the highest credit upon the artists and amateurs concerned. The work performed on the occasion was Haydn's famous oratorio, "The Seasons," in which Mrs. West, the leading soprano of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and Mr. Whitney and Mr. Packard, distinguished themselves.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 355.



FRANCE.—THE OVERFLOW OF THE LOIRE AT NANTES—THE APPEARANCE OF THE CANAL ON DECEMBER 14TH.



ENGLAND.—THE RECENT INUNDATION—THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES FROM THE ROUND TOWER OF WINDSOR CASTLE.



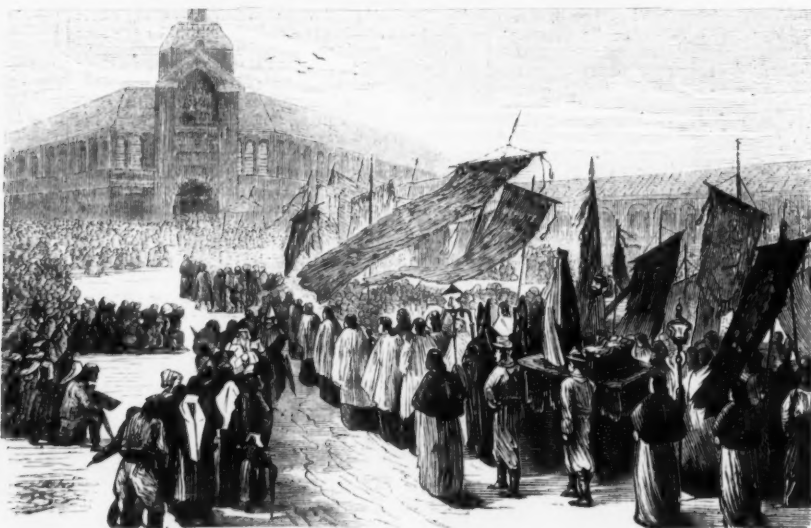
FRANCE.—THE OVERFLOW OF THE SEINE—THE BOAT SERVICE AT BERCY.



FRANCE.—CHRISTMAS-TREE IN PARIS FOR THE BENEFIT OF POOR CHILDREN OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.



FRANCE.—THE OVERFLOW OF THE SEINE—PEOPLE WATCHING THE RISE AT THE PONT ROYAL, PARIS.



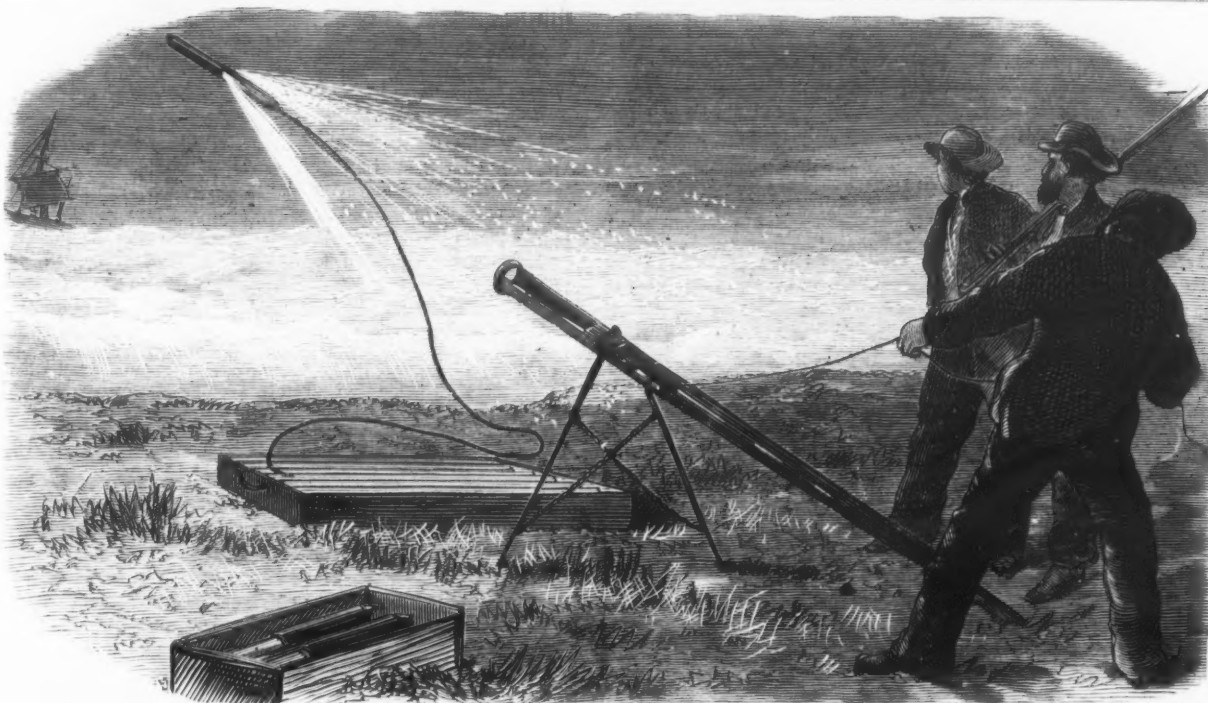
FRANCE.—THE PILGRIMAGE OF OUR LADY OF AURAY.

# THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

## THIRD ARTICLE.

A RECAPITULATION of the wrecks that occurred on the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island during the season of 1871-72, shows a loss of 22 vessels, valued at \$227,000, with cargoes amounting, as far as reported, to \$281,000. The property absolutely lost through those disasters, however, represents the sum of \$208,344 only; while that saved covers the large amount of \$289,756.

The most pleasing and important feature of the services rendered in this direction is the great number of human lives saved within the last two years. During this comparatively brief period, no less than 208 souls were snatched from the jaws of death on these two coasts, and under circumstances which were, at times,



NEW JERSEY.—THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE—DISCHARGING THE LINE BY MEANS OF A ROCKET.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

ashore between Stations 15 and 16, on November 14th, 1871. The greatest number of lives saved from any one vessel on this shore for the period referred to, was from the English bark *Robert Fletcher*, laden with tea and silks from Wampoa. This ship fell into distress at Moriches, on February 4th, 1872, when 17 persons and the larger portion of her cargo were rescued from destruction.

On the Long Island coast the most important cargo saved was that of fish, valued at \$12,000, from the schooner *Massasoit*, of Gloucester, Mass., worth \$10,000. This vessel ran aground on Cold Spring Inlet Bar, November 4th, 1872. On the 8th of the same month the largest number of lives for the whole season, seven in all, were saved from the schooner *Mary E. Simmons*, worth \$25,000, laden with coal, which went ashore off Cape May.

As already observed,



NEW JERSEY.—THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE—HAULING IN THE LIFECAR.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

dangerous alike to the rescued and the rescuers. In fact, such was the bravery and daring evinced in many instances in connection with the deliverance of the former, that the whole world has rung with the names of those engaged in this noblest of missionary work.

As might be expected, a greater number of vessels were wrecked on the coast of New Jersey than on that of Long Island for the period just named. The long and dangerous line of seaboard appertaining to the former explains this at once, and prepares for the statement that, out of the 22 vessels already alluded to, but seven were wrecked off Long Island.

The most valuable cargo jeopardized on the coast of this latter place during the season was of cotton, worth \$100,000, belonging to the brig *Caroline Gray*, from New Orleans, valued at \$12,000, hailing from Rockland, Me., and which ran



NEW JERSEY.—THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE—TAKING THE SAVED FROM THE LIFECAR.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

the daring of the crews concerned in rendering aid to all the distressed vessels named in the recapitulation was of a character the most marked, while the number of lives and the amount of property rescued from total destruction so far exceeds the sum of that lost, we at once recognize the importance of the service, and are glad to perceive that the Government is determined to foster it with what may be termed generous care.

Although the self-bailing and self-righting metal lifeboat of Lieutenant Stodder, tested a short time ago at Seabright, N. J., behaved so admirably, it is the opinion of Captain Forbes, chairman of the active committee of the Humane Society, Boston, Mass., that, from the exposed condition and physical peculiarities of our coast, wooden surf-boats, with the self-bailing apparatus attached, are preferable.

The Stodder boat, when ready

to launch, weighs considerably more than 2,000 pounds, and it will be asked why, if modeled, as it appears to be, after the English lifeboat, which weighs much more, it will not serve our purpose on this side of the Atlantic as well as its original meets the humane views of our friends on the other? On this head, the captain observes, while writing to Admiral Boggs: "The heavy superb English boats are generally located in harbors under the protection of piers or breakwaters, or, if to be launched from an open coast, machinery is provided, without regard to cost, for accomplishing the object. Steam-tugs and coastguardmen are ready at all times to tow them to sea, and to man them; the coasts being well populated, there is no lack of strong, willing, gallant men to launch and work them. I have," he goes on to say, "a general idea that on the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey there are few inlets or safe harbors where the boats can be located, and no tugboats at hand to tow them to sea. There are plenty of willing and experienced men at hand to man them; but these men have been used to risk their lives in light wooden boats, having no pretensions to being self-righting or self-bailing, or freeing themselves from water. They are mere shells; but, as the men on whom you are to depend in time of danger have confidence in them, they will be used in preference to regular lifeboats weighing over 2,000 pounds, as they can be got off the beach and returned to it when the heavy boat cannot."

The gentleman who speaks thus has been connected for thirty years with the humane institution just mentioned. He ought, certainly, to be authority on the subject; and if we receive him as such, he asserts positively that if the Treasury Department, in spite of the opinion of surfmen, insist upon placing a lot of these heavy iron boats along the coast in the vicinity of New York and on Cape Cod, they will be useful at times only, "but will never take the place of the surf-boat now in use."

It is further advanced that it would be quite impracticable for any number of men to shove off in rough weather a boat weighing over 2,000 pounds, or to make her perform any evolution under such circumstances as would enable her to compete with the common surf-boat in saving life. It is admitted, however, that, when once outside the breakers, the heavy boat may be as good, or even better, than the shell, as she will carry more men, and, in case of being filled or capsized, will be less likely to drown people; but here, again, we are met with the observation that the chances of her being filled or capsized are much greater than those of the surf-boat, which cost about \$250 or \$300 each. "Now," observes Captain Forbes, in conclusion, "if the object be to save life and to alleviate the miseries connected with our exposed coasts, it will be very much more sensible and more practicable to place thirty wooden boats where otherwise there would be only ten iron ones."

If this be accepted as sound logic, the Treasury Department will, doubtless, look well to the case, and become perfectly conversant with all its merits before the description of boat to be used in the Life-Saving Service is finally determined upon. Believing, however, that the gentlemen who have this matter under consideration are thoroughly satisfied of the magnitude of its importance and highly competent to deal with it, we leave it in their hands with confidence.

In our last issue we gave a graphic illustration of the launching of the iron lifeboat, and its return through the surf, with some persons rescued from a vessel in distress. Our present number contains three additional engravings; the first illustrative of the discharging of a line from the mortar used to communicate with a vessel in distress when she cannot be reached by a boat; the second represents the drawing in of the lifecar that had been sent out along the rope thrown to the ship by means of the mortar; and the third and last shows the taking of the saved from the car that has been just safely landed.

As nine out of every ten vessels wrecked on the coasts under consideration usually lie within three hundred yards of the beach, the practicability of throwing a line this distance will be recognized at once. When, therefore, no boat can venture out to the assistance of a ship in distress, the mortar is called into requisition, and a rocket, with a small line attached to it, fired over the vessel. When this latter falls on deck, a rope is attached to it, which is speedily drawn ashore, and this, in turn, is replaced by a hawser, which forms a sort of bridge between the land and the ship, along which the lifecar is instantly run out.

Our illustration on this head represents an experiment with the new apparatus of Mr. Lillendahl. It consists of a steel-cased rocket with a long metallic loop to serve as a staff, and an ingenious but simple contrivance for attaching the line. The rocket is fired from a tube resting upon an adjustable iron tripod, arranged to obtain any required elevation and a comparative certainty of direction. The charge is ignited by a simple percussion lock; and the line is laid in a light wooden box, so constructed that it runs from it with ease and precision. This admirable invention has been recommended for temporary use by the proper authorities; although it is suggested that some of the modern and improved mortars used by the Army, many of which are now lying in Fortress Monroe, should be experimented with, if permitted by the War Department. The attaching of the line to the shot seems to be a matter of some difficulty. This might be obviated by casting the latter "with a score indented on its periphery—the depth of the score to be equal to the diameter of the twisted wires now used." The brilliant train of light emitted by the Lillendahl rocket enables the eye to follow it clearly in its course at night, and to determine whether it falls short of its goal or otherwise.

The mode of hauling in the lifecar, when the hawser spans the perilous space between

the land and the doomed ship, may be gathered at a single glance from our illustration on that subject; and the manner of first sending it off from the shore along the cable from which it is suspended, can be ascertained with equal clearness by supposing the reversed action of the hauling-rope. The car itself, as observed in a former article, is of iron, and is made sufficiently large to contain eight or ten people. When it reaches the laboring ship, as many as it will hold are placed in it; and after the hatch has been firmly secured, the signal is given, and the boat-shaped vehicle, which is properly ventilated, is speedily dragged through the air and surf alternately toward the beach. When it arrives at this latter point, the trembling passengers are at once released from their place of confinement, and immediately conveyed to the station, while the car goes forth once more on its humane mission. In this way both lives and property are constantly rescued from destruction and death, and that, too, under circumstances so trying to the brave men of the service as to defy adequate description.

Besides the iron lifeboat, the wooden surf-boat, and the car just alluded to, we have in the interests of the service, the india-rubber raft and the india-rubber dress, which, when inflated, are so buoyant as to float in any sea. The latter is, we believe, an invention of great merit and efficacy, and can be worn by boats' crews while in active service, from the fact that, when they are seated at their oars, the upper portion of the suit alone may be inflated. This is a great desideratum, because it not only permits each individual to move and work with perfect freedom, but strengthens him with the assurance of his personal safety, should he happen to be upset in any sea whatever. These suits are in use, we believe, at some stations, but we are not aware of the extent to which the rafts have been brought into requisition. The whole matter will, no doubt, receive the best consideration at the hands of the proper officers; but as we intend to resume the subject in an illustrated article in our next number, we hope to be able to throw such additional light upon it as will further interest our readers.

### THE WINTER TREE.

I SAW it late in July—then it towered,  
Like a well-laden ship, the merchant's hope;  
A thrush rose piping on its mast-like top,  
Viewing his neighboring nest in ivy bowered.  
Hither, by burning noonday overpowered,  
The kine came sauntering from the grassy slope,  
And dreamy stood beneath the leafy cope,  
Or placid, on the shadowy carpet, covered;  
But songless, leafless, kine-forsaken now,  
Torn by November's desolating gale,  
It seems a stranded ship without a sail,  
That soon to earth in wreck forlorn must bow!  
"Nay," sings prophetic Spring, "that shall not be;  
I come to bloom with joy that Winter tree."

### "WRECKED!"

OR,

### THE ROSCERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—DORION SEES MADAME'S PROTÉGÉE.

THE very indifferent pavement opposite the modest residence of Monsieur le Docteur in the quaint and tiny town of Chartres resounded to the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, as a mounted messenger rode furiously up to the door, and with a hoarse "holloa" disturbed the quiet of the sleeping inhabitants of the white house, with its green *jalousies* and tiny surgery, in the bow-window of which the rosy dawn discovered a mass of plants preparing to unfold their petals to the slanting sunbeams, which also glided the breasts of a flock of snow and pearl-hued pigeons fluttering from peak to peak of the pointed roof, or scratching with their rosy feet in the soft and moist earth in search of a *déjeuner*.

To which shoutful and red-faced messenger presently appeared the round and plump countenance of Monsieur le Docteur himself, peering out of a suddenly opened upper window, shading his eyes from the rising sun by his large, plump hand, and adorning the excited horseman to take care of the freshly planted *parterre* of Madame de Grace, into which the hind feet of the animal he bestrode were making excited raids. To which the red-faced messenger, doffing his hat, responded that "Madame's *parterre* should indeed be sacred from the intrusion of the animal, but that he must entreat of Monsieur le Docteur to hasten his toilet and hurry on the wings of the wind to the Château Soulanges, where the aunt of Mam'selle Soulanges was lying in a state the most deplorable; and, if monsieur would permit, he would lead his horse to the fountain yonder, and refresh him before setting forth on his return;" then presently the reeking steed was being rubbed down, to remove the foam and perspiration with which his heaving sides were covered, by the little open fountain that flung up showers of blood-red rubies in the morning sun, that tinkled pleasantly down again into the granite basin beneath.

Presently, too, the physician's gig was bowling along the white road as fast as his fast-trotting mare could whirl it, its owner looking very grave, as Hercule, cantering beside him, gave him some account of the condition of the lady whom he was called to see, and in a shorter period than one would have thought possible, Hercule was holding back the bronze gate of Soulanges for the vehicle to enter, and while the mellow front of the old château was looking its very best in the virgin sunlight of the yet early morning, the physician was standing by the bedside of Mrs. Bellerose.

The hemorrhage had ceased, but it was difficult for a mere onlooker to say whether the bed bore a living woman or a corpse. The

room was full of sunlight, and the draperies of the bed were looked back in order that the physician might obtain a distinct view of the patient.

Dorion, whose face showed fearfully haggard and old in the fresh light, stood leaning against the high, carved footboard of the bed, looking up with terrible anxiety at the marble face lying on the lace-bordered pillows, and Julie, with swollen eyes and pale cheeks, stood shivering on the hearth, though the room was luxuriously warm, her heavy eyes fixed now on the grave, attentive face of the physician, now on the pallid features of her aunt, on whose snowy cheeks the long, curved lashes lay as quiet as those of a corpse.

Poor Julie looked in a lamentable plight; her sunny hair was thrust into a net, her pretty figure was hidden in the folds of a huge cambric wrapper, and as she had wept industriously since Victor's stormy departure, the sparkle of her blue eyes had given place to a dull and worn expression. The sudden and alarming illness of her aunt had for a time distracted her mind from the thoughts of the comte's furious and ungenerous conduct, but as she stood waiting in the silent room to hear the opinion of Doctor de Grace, they returned with stinging force, and leaning her forehead on the marble mantelpiece, her tears fell fast, making a succession of dull blots on the sparkling steel fender on which her little foot rested.

Madame Bouchon, in the sun-flowered garment, stood beside the physician, her plump, rosy cheeks pale from watching; and Fanchon, in a scarlet camisole and immense white apron, stood in a corner slowly slipping her rosary through her brown fingers, as she repeated with silently moving lips many a prayer for the spiritual and bodily welfare of the invalid. On the toilet lay the diamonds Mrs. Bellerose had worn on the previous evening, and as they caught the stream of sunlight from the window, they flung it in a thousand broken glittering spots of brightest gold on the lofty headboard rising above the head of their owner.

Dorion's face expressed so much of mental suffering, that, as the physician's glance turned from the face on the pillows to that of the earl, his gaze rested curiously on it for a moment before he spoke.

"Hum!" was the mental reflection; "there is far more than mere anxiety there for the safety of this beautiful mother. *Ma foi!* I never saw a Grecian statue so pallidly perfect of features as this woman!"

Aloud he said, or at least in that modulated voice one uses involuntarily in a room over which the angel crowned with amaranths stretches the glorified shadow of his wings:

"At present there is little to be done except to maintain the most perfect quiet, and to darken this chamber. I will, however, remain in the château, and will give Madame Bouchon such immediate directions as are necessary. At this moment," he continued, answering the mute question in Dorion's haggard eyes, "I neither bid you despair or hope."

He turned from the bedside, and, beckoning Madame Bouchon aside, he spoke to her in low tones for a few moments.

Dorion remained leaning against the bed, watching for some sign of returning life in the face of Mrs. Bellerose, when he felt a timid touch on his arm, and turned to find Julie at his side, looking up pitifully in his face. His hand stoiled down to hers, and in an eager whisper she said:

"Oh, Dorion, how sorry I am for you!" Unmindful of eyes that might see the action, he stooped and kissed her forehead, which she made no effort to withdraw from the touch of his lips.

"My dear little sister," he said, gently, "your sympathy is the sweetest thing in the world to me; and, oh, Julie, you do not know how much I need it now!"

"Yes," said Julie, softly, "I remember when my own mother died."

Dorion looked at her with something that terrified and bewildered her in his large, haggard eyes. He pushed her away from him gently but firmly.

"Go," he said; "but, Julie, remember there is even a keener pang to the heart of a man than the loss of the dearest one on earth. Oh, Julie, I never thought to have felt that pang!"

He turned, and was walking toward the physician, who had motioned him to come, when Julie saw him pause at the toilet, over which he stooped curiously, as though to examine some object on it. She followed him closely in order to hear the words of the physician, and she heard him say in a low tone, "How strange! she told me only yesterday that she could obtain no trace of it."

He lifted from amongst the glittering heap of jewels a ring, containing a large and exquisite emerald, and as he turned away he slipped it on his finger.

The incident, though trifling, made a strange impression on the mind of the young girl, and though she did not connect the mysterious reappearance of the missing ring and the sudden prostration of her aunt, she felt there was something strange in the occurrence, but after revolving it for a moment in her mind, it slipped into that dark cavern of forgetfulness in which so much lies until summoned back to the memory by subsequent events. She was too heavily oppressed with anxieties, personal and sympathetic, to wander long from their gloomy company.

Acting on the advice of the physician, Dorion retired from the apartment, casting a look of intense distress and anxiety at his mother as he passed her couch, and Madame Bouchon, infinitely distressed at the spectacle of Julie's heavy eyes and pallid cheeks, put her plump arm round the girl and half lifted, half led her to her own apartment, where she laid her on her pretty bed with its dainty white canopy falling from the dimpled hands of a lovely child-angel, and covered her with a fur-lined cloak, for she trembled with nervousness and that physical chill which accompanies violent mental distress.

Seeing that Julie lay quietly with closed eyes, Madame was returning hastily to the sick room, when the pathetic expression of the lovely face touched her large heart. She came hastily but softly back, and leaning over her, touched her hand gently to attract her attention.

"Mam'selle, my love," she said, in that cordial undertone which acts like a flood of sunshine on the darkened soul, "you are but a child; you do not know the ways of this world as I do. Now let me whisper in that little ear of thine, that time will bring all things right between that impetuous Monsieur Victor and thyself. Believe it, my little one."

Of course the violent scene between the wrathful Victor and herself could not be kept from the knowledge of the household, so, though a violent flush dyed Julie's face, she was not surprised at Madame's knowledge of her affairs, and, hiding her face on the pillow, she pressed Madame's kind hand affectionately and gratefully.

Madame, feeling that she had poured a tiny drop of consolation on the grieved heart of the motherless Julie, gave the fur-lined cloak a final touch, and left the room with her brisk, light step. Outside the door of the sick-chamber, to her astonishment, she encountered the notary, very grim and lemon-colored, pacing softly up and down, occasionally pausing and listening attentively to the faint sounds coming from the apartment.

"*Ciel!*" ejaculated Madame, softly, "how you alarmed me! What art thou prowling here, like an old cat, for?"

The notary imperiously waved Madame into a momentary silence.

"What is the news from within?" he inquired, anxiously. "Is she better?"

Madame shook her head gravely.

"There is no change," she answered, softly, "and I fear that when one does come—"

She shook her head once more, and laid her hand on the door-handle.

The notary detained her again.

"Margaton," he said, "is mild yet in the apartment of Madame his mother?"

"No; he left it some moments since."

"I wish to see him immediately."

"Then, I have no doubt he is in his apartment."

At this moment Fanchon opened the door, and beckoned Madame Bouchon in.

"She is conscious," whispered the old *bonne*, "and you are wanted."

Madame went in, closing the door in the face of the notary, who, indeed, did not seem to notice her disappearance, but stood looking on the ground, with his hands thrust into his pockets. After a moment's reflection, he made a grimace, shrugged his shoulders, and walked briskly away toward that portion of the château in which Dorion was domiciled. In doing so, he passed an open door, from which issued the sound of the crowing and cooing of an infant; and, despite his haste, with a somewhat softened expression, the notary thrust his head round the door, and surveyed the interior of the chamber from which the noise proceeded.

Mam'selle *Bébé*, rosy and dimpled as one of Correggio's cherubs, in white clouds of lace, and floating sash and shoulder-knots of palest blue, lay on a large rose-tinted pillow, on the floor, shaking a coral and bells in her rosebud hand, and screaming and crowing with ecstatic delight as the merry bells tinkled and the bright metal dazzled her great blue eyes.

Jeanne, the very pink of neat and rosy *bonnes*, stood with folded arms meditatively admiring the pretty creature; and also looking at it stood a slight, fragile girl, with a pathetic beauty which owed a part of its charm to the dreamy softness of the heavily fringed eyes—so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," that they changed to a tremulous black as one gazed into them. Her hands, almost transparent in their snowy whiteness, were clasped idly, and though her glance ever returned to the laughing child, it wandered restlessly and almost vacantly round the apartment, not seeming to note the objects it rested upon.

Jeanne, observing the notary, courtesied, but Ophelia seemed not to notice him; and, with a face seemingly lightened by the bright picture of babyhood, he went away again, almost smiling to himself as he hurried on.

"After all," he murmured, "Margaton is right. It would be a sad thing were we to grow old without some young life to bloom in our house. I can give her a considerable *dot* on her marriage, and she will be as lovely as—"

The notary, having but little imagination, stumbled at the simile he sought, and at the same moment found himself at Dorion's door.

A low-toned "*Entrez*" permitted his entrance, and he found himself in the presence of Lord Rosclerra.

A long conversation, carried on in a low and earnest voice, took place between them, and at its conclusion the notary and the earl left the apartment together.

"I will visit my mother first," said Dorion, as he walked beside Bouchon. "I cannot leave the house in my present state of anxiety about her."

"Truly no," assented the notary. "It would be a barbarous proceeding on your part; and I have no time but yours, *milord*."

"Thank you," said Dorion, gratefully; "I shall not soon forget your kindness, Monsieur Bouchon."

Bouchon darted on the young nobleman a quick look.

"Listen," he said, laying his hand on the arm of the latter; "my kindness is to myself. As I hinted to you before, there is a memory in my heart that drives me on to seek out this old beldame, and grind her to powder in the mill of my vengeance! Ah! I feel her throat in my fingers!"

The expression of the notary became almost diabolical as he clutched the air with his skinny fingers, and Dorion swept his hand across his forehead with an air of utter bewilderment.

"Much tends to show that she must needs be the grandmother of this insolent wretch," he said; "and yet there is infinitely more against such a supposition—the place in which she appears, her guardianship of this unfortunate young lady, her knowledge of the habits and language of the country, and her dumbness."

"Don't let the last stand in the way of your convictions," returned the notary, dryly. "She speaks with a facility only excelled by Madame Bouchon, and that is paying her eloquence the highest compliment it is in my power to give."

Dorion sighed deeply, and the notary remained silent until Rosclerra spoke again.

"Our intended visit admits of no delay," he said, pausing at the door of Mrs. Bellerose's apartment.

"Very good," responded Bouchon; "I will await you down-stairs."

Dorion was not allowed to enter beyond the threshold, where the physician met and whispered to him that his mother had fallen into a light slumber, which promised much if undisturbed; and, with a feeling of some slight relief, Dorion turned from the door, and was about hastening to rejoin the notary, when he found that he had forgotten his hat in his apartment, and turned back to get it.

As he passed the door of the Blue-and-white Chamber, it opened, and she whom he had heard of so frequently, but never yet seen, came out, and, startled by his hurrying steps ringing through the corridor, paused on the threshold, and turned her mournful eyes full upon him. In her slender arms she carried Mam'selle Bébé, who contemptuously eyed Dorion, while she diligently sucked her pink ball of a hand.

With a feeling of strong curiosity and compassion, Lord Rosclerra stole a rapid glance at Ophelia, and, perceiving that her vague gaze was already wandering from him, he ventured to examine her more attentively, in the certainty of not annoying her by so doing. An exclamation of bewilderment rose to his lips, and he stood motionless, staring at her as she glided past him. The extreme, almost painful, beauty of her face touched him as no other woman's had ever done; but it was not that alone which kept him gazing after her until she disappeared into a neighboring apartment, and then made him turn away and walk on like one in a dream.

When he rejoined the notary, his face still wore its strange expression of bewilderment, and he hardly seemed aware that he was not alone during the walk on which they departed; and the notary, being fully occupied with his own thoughts, did not notice his abstraction. It is only women who possess in perfection the talent of talking of one thing, while their thoughts are actively employed upon some utterly different subject. Men seldom venture on such conversational quicksands.

(To be continued.)

## INDIAN WOMEN PLAYING CARDS.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

IN contact with civilized life, the aboriginal Americans have adopted many of its customs. They get drunk and gamble with a facility quite equal to that of their white brethren, from whom they have learned the use of whiskey and cards, and in the practices of theft and kindred virtues they have few superiors, even in New York, or any other white settlement of consequence. In some respects they are advocates of woman's rights, as they do not forbid the gentler sex to make use of those variegated slips of pasteboard which are said to have been invented for the amusement of an insane king. Drunkenness among the Indians is generally confined to the lords of creation, not that it is forbidden to the ladies to intoxicate themselves, but because there is not enough whiskey among them at any time to supply the wants of all. Whenever they can procure any of that fiery beverage, the men must be supplied first of all, and by the time they are sufficiently drunk there is nothing left for the matrons and maidens. But with cards it is otherwise, as, unlike whiskey, they may be made to last a long time. The frontiersmen, those self-appointed missionaries among the savages, have instructed their pupils in the ways of card-playing, though it is proper to state that the Indians have sadly mixed up the games, and combined old sledge, poker, and euchre in a way that would drive the renowned Hoyle into a state of desperation in attempting to fathom their mysteries. Gambling among the Indians is less refined than at Baden-Baden or Long Branch, but is much more desperate. An Indian gambler will bet everything he possesses on a game of cards, sometimes wagering his clothing, his wives, his children and other things which, in civilized countries, are secured against seizure for debts of any kind. The Indian women are less reckless than the men, for the reason that they have very little property of their own to wager, and if they should lose that of their lords and masters, they would be admonished—with a club—that such a proceeding is very wrong and should not be encouraged.

Most of the card-playing of the squaws is for the sake of amusement, and not for profit and loss. They play in their lodges or in the open air; very often in the latter, so that card-playing among the Indians may be fairly classed, like baseball or croquet, as an out-door amusement. A group of squaws at cards is picturesque, though not always attractive. Distance lends enchantment to the view of an Indian, and the greater the distance, the greater will be the enchantment. The ladies in the picture presented herewith are not particularly charming; their garments are of blankets, buffalo-skins and common calico, and not remarkable for their cleanliness. "Age can wither and custom stain" the dress of a savage, especially if age and custom are cordially assisted by dirt and creep-

ing things. The feminine way of hair-dressing is not like that of Fifth Avenue, but is more suggestive of an antiquated deck-swab than anything else. The hair is not dressed very often, and the work of combing it is much like drawing a rake through a currant-bush. Dirt and tangles are not the only peculiarities of the Indian woman's hair. Considered as a planet or a microcosm, the Indian head is remarkably well inhabited, and could give a census return that would make its ruler dance for joy. Their owners regard them as valuable warrens or game-preserves, and any person who has been much among the Indians of the plains can describe hunting excursions which have come under his observation, and are much more curious than pleasing.

Like savages in all parts of the world, the Indians are fond of decorating themselves with trinkets of various sorts. There is a great passion among them for beads, and they will cover their necks and wrists with large quantities of them whenever they can be procured. Beads are quite a feature in the goods which the Government distributes to the Indians; and they are no inconsiderable portion of the stock in trade of the merchants who make their money among the savages. An Indian will decorate himself with anything that comes to hand. I remember a little incident at the agency of the Upper Arkansas, several years ago, when an old brave had found a package of address tags, such as are used for expressing packages. He strung these about him in all possible ways, and then strutted around the fort with all the dignity of an organ-grinder's monkey in a new jacket. At a settlement in Minnesota, one day the workmen at Johnson's flouring-mill were marking a lot of flour of superior quality, and known as "Johnson's Choice." The stencil and ink-pot were left outside a short time, long enough, however, for a very friendly squaw to use them in marking her blanket all over, as she had seen the men mark the flour-barrels. She then paraded the streets, much to the rage of Johnson, when he heard of the occurrence. Notwithstanding the announcement of the stencil, he vehemently declared that she was not his choice, and never would be.

The cards used by the Indians are not remarkable for their cleanliness. They are generally odd lots that have been thrown away by soldiers or other white men, and it is not often that the packs are perfect. This makes no great difference; and it sometimes happens that parts of two or three packs are used to make up a single one. At Denver, several years ago, some white men devoted their spare time to the education of a couple of Arrapahoe braves in the mysteries of poker. When they were well trained, the braves went to playing with each other, and they ultimately became beggars. As fast as one had won the property of the other, he would give it back the next day, in order that the sport could continue. Other Indians were instructed, and as the first players were the best, and worked together, they accumulated this world's goods at a rapid rate. They were too successful for their own welfare, for the defrauded Indians entered into a conspiracy to murder the prosperous gamblers. The latter heard of the plot just in time to escape, but they left their property behind them, and were not able to recover it. Yet the report was current that they afterward made up for the loss, though they did not make their accumulations so rapidly, and were careful to keep out of the way of those who had sworn vengeance against them.

## OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

EVERY old city feels a pride in directing the attention of visitors to some patched or tottering mass of building material, and saying, "This is the oldest house we have." Whether Washington ever made it his headquarters we do not know, but there are none among us now who remember its construction. It will soon fall; but is it not sad to think that a landmark so venerable cannot be preserved for ever? The visitor, if he has any sentiment, agrees that it is most lamentable, and is consequently treated as a brother.

The structure that St. Louis calls its oldest is situated on the corner of Plum and Third Streets. Its walls are of stone and clay, set in a framework of hardy timber. It is remarkable principally for its wretched appearance; but as an evidence that no one thing is too poor to receive some sympathy, sharp bill-posters have covered many of its age-wounds and weather-wrinkles with layer after layer of flaming advertisements.

There are some who say that the Marquis de Lafayette really stopped there on a long-forgotten occasion, but they, in turn, are asserted to be viewing the place with a speculative eye, thinking that if strangers can be made to believe some foreign dignitary paused at its portals long enough to sneeze, it might bring more at auction as an antique than a doubtful collection of fuel. However, since St. Louis cannot boast a living bodyguard of the great Washington, nor a house he once entered to repair his toilet, they may squeeze some historical comfort from this shriveled relic of Lafayette.

## A GHOST STORY.

EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND—THE SPECTRE OUTWITTED.

THE Camberwell ghost-story has ended in the sentence of the ghost to thirteen months' hard labor. For that period at least, therefore, the unquiet spirit will be very effectually laid. The history of the affair having been unraveled at Quarter Sessions, the only wonder is that any person should have been imposed upon by the mischievous freaks and felonious acts of the girl who is now reaping the fruits of her wickedness in the county jail

at Surrey. To most of our readers the facts will be known; to some they may not. They are very brief. A girl, 17 years of age, named Maria Horgan, recently entered the service of Mr. William Wells, 135 Camberwell Road, and within a few weeks of her doing so the premises became the almost nightly scene of very disagreeable manifestations. Property was wantonly destroyed, false alarms were raised that "a man" was about the place; the girl Horgan inflicted upon herself severe bruises, and she and her fellow-servant indulged in hysterical screams. Altogether the house was made very uncomfortable, and the neighborhood was thrown into a state of great excitement.

In the long run, "The Camberwell Ghost" created so much annoyance and terror, that the police were sent to investigate the matter. For a time, even their ingenuity was baffled, but the ghost became a little too audacious, and the girl having, by her own conduct, excited suspicion, she was followed to her bedroom, where the discovery of a missing watch and chain solved the mystery. She was arrested, and then her companion confessed to the part she had played in aiding, if not in abetting, her. It became evident that Horgan was simply an impudent thief, and that her proceedings had no other object than to cover her felonious designs. Her career was short, and not very brilliant, and the punishment she is now undergoing was justly merited. Encouraged by the notoriety which she excited, one or two ghosts have appeared in the less-frequented parts of London. They have been equally material and equally unscrupulous. Thirteen months' imprisonment, let us hope, will prove a sufficient warning to deter others from following their example.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

The *Saturday Review*, in an article entitled, "Crime in America and England," magnanimously disclaims any great superiority on the part of the mother country in respect to good order and freedom from crime. "For sheer brutality, nothing from America can surpass the murder in the Durham coal country, where four men deliberately 'took running kicks' at an unlucky wretch with whom they had no personal quarrel. Even in London, if every one had his due, we suspect there would be at least as many murderers waiting their trial as in New York. It is strange how little attention is paid to the number of bodies that are found under circumstances strongly presumptive of foul play. Corpses are continually being picked out of the Regent's Canal under circumstances that suggest murder rather than suicide. Infanticide would seem to be going on briskly again, if we are to judge from the frequency of inquests on the corpses of children that have been cast out into the streets. But jurors find open verdicts, and isolated instances pass almost unnoticed. And while murder goes often undetected and unpunished, it would appear that disorder is decidedly on the increase."

The marriage of the Emperor of China having been consummated, that august personage is to remain in entire seclusion until the time arrives for him to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Great preparations are being made for the proper solemnization of that event. Decorations and promotions are to be bestowed with a lavish hand. Presents are to be made, high festivals held, and criminals are to be pardoned. The happy day will be some time in February.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Birmingham, England, January 23d, the Mayor presiding, at which speeches were made and resolutions passed condemning the slave trade in Africa, Polynesia and Cuba. A resolution was also adopted urging her Majesty's Government to support the American Government in the demand it makes on Spain for the abolition of slavery in the Antilles.

The troubles with the British gas-stokers, which have probably attained so much importance as to require the consideration of Parliament when it assembles, arose in the early part of last December. For the regulation of some alleged grievances, a strike at short notice of the gas-stokers in and around the city of London was ordered by the Amalgamated Society of Gasmen. As a consequence, the supply of gas was soon exhausted, and in London great annoyance was experienced. A strong feeling was thus excited in the public against the strikers, which encouraged the companies to institute criminal proceedings against the men, and a large number were convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The proceedings against five gas-stokers in London attracted particular attention from the severity of the sentence pronounced against them.

It is reported among the Legitimists in Paris that the Count de Paris will visit the Count de Chambord within a few days, and that a compromise between the representatives of the Orléans and Bourbon dynasties will be effected. Chambord will insist upon restoring the "white flag," but will consent that the tricolor may be retained by the Army.

A GREAT anti-slavery meeting has been lately held in the Royal Theatre, Madrid, under the auspices of the Abolition Society, the Tertulia, and the Progressista Clubs. The theatre was crowded from floor to dome. Brilliant speeches were made, and the enthusiasm was intense. The Committee of the Cortes on the Abolition of Slavery in Porto Rico estimate that the indemnity to be paid by the State to slave-owners in that island, for their property, will amount to 140,000,000 reals.

THE Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., died lately in London, in the ninety-first year of his age. He was an eminent lawyer and judge. He held the important office of Judge of the High Court of Admiralty from 1838 to 1867, when he retired from the bench on account of declining health. His term of political life lasted from 1820 to 1841, when he abandoned the field of active politics and devoted himself entirely to judicial duties. He was the counsel of Lady Byron in her troubles with the great poet, and it is said that he was the only repository of the secret of the true cause of their separation. This secret may now come out from the papers left by the deceased jurist. When Mrs. Stowe published her story of Byron and his sister, it will be remembered

that Mr. Lushington wrote a letter, in which he stated that, to his own knowledge, Lady Byron was fully justified in that step.

UNDER date of January 24th the St. Petersburg *Official Gazette* says the negotiations between Russia and Great Britain on the Central Asiatic question have all along been conducted in a friendly spirit on both sides. The object which Russia now has in view is to render peace in Central Asia more secure. It is difficult to settle the boundaries of unknown countries, but no encroachments upon the territory of Afghanistan is meditated by Russia. It is probable there will be an understanding between the two Governments at an early day.

On date from Berlin January 24th, reports from the Chamber of Deputies make the Minister of Emigration say, substantially, "that it is impossible to restrict emigration." What is wanted is, "enlightenment and judicious legislation, which will make home more valuable than other countries."

FROM Spain and Cuba, January 24th, we learn that, "the Council will soon appoint a new Captain-General of Cuba. The steamship which sails from Cadiz to-day, for Cuba, will carry out 1,000 men to reinforce the troops now on that island."

THE Mikado of Japan has ordered that officials of rank shall wear "an official European costume" when they attend his levees, which receptions are to be held weekly.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

FOSTER has been re-sentenced, and is to be hung, March 7th.

A COMPANY has been organized in Troy to work a coal-mine in Panama.

SALT LAKE is seven feet higher than when the Mormons first settled there.

JAPAN has adopted the Western calendar, beginning with the 1st of January.

THE Emperor of Austria has a collection of criminals' skulls comprising 400 specimens.

J. M. BELLEW is an English reader who made his first appearance in New York on the 25th of January.

VALLEJO, Cal., claims possession of the embalmed body of an Emperor who ruled China 3,000 years ago.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY beat the Marquis of Huntley 54 votes in the election for Rector of Aberdeen University.

By order of His Majesty the Emperor William, the German Court will go into mourning one week for Napoleon.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE has been placed at the disposal of the Shah of Persia, for a residence during his visit to England.

UNCLE SAM's real estate in the District of Columbia, exclusive of public buildings, parks and squares, foots up over \$10,000,000.

THERE is a very active demand for the Northern Pacific Gold Bonds, as is shown by the sales during January, which ran up to \$1,000,000.

THE East India cotton crop is much larger this year than last. In four divisions reported the out-turn is 701,112, while last year it was only 534,579 bales.

A SPANISH vessel, the *Palavo*, is said to have sunk the *Northfleet*. A large quantity of stuff from the wreck has been picked up on the British coast.

THE "Anglo-Spanish" Steamship Company has been organized in New Orleans, to run to Barcelona via Liverpool and the Mediterranean, touching at Havana.

THE tin-bearing rock from the north spur of Lake Superior has been analyzed at Detroit, and, the *Mining Journal* reports, was found to contain 24 per cent. of tin.

MASSSES for the repose of the soul of the late ex-Emperor Napoleon were celebrated in a number of the churches of this city, and large crowds attended the services.

THE kings of Greece and Portugal and the Czar of Russia have congratulated, by autograph letters, President Pardo on his elevation to the supreme power in Peru.

CARDINAL CULLEN, in a recent speech in Dublin, congratulated his hearers on the progress of the Roman Catholic religion, whose only enemies, he declared, are governments.

PEDRO and JUAN URQUIZA, insurgent Cuban leaders, who surrendered some time ago, have been appointed, the former Captain and the latter Lieutenant in the Spanish Army.

IN the great storm which has just occurred out Northwest, several persons were frozen to death—seven schoolchildren on their way home, in one case, and all the passengers and the driver of a stage in another.

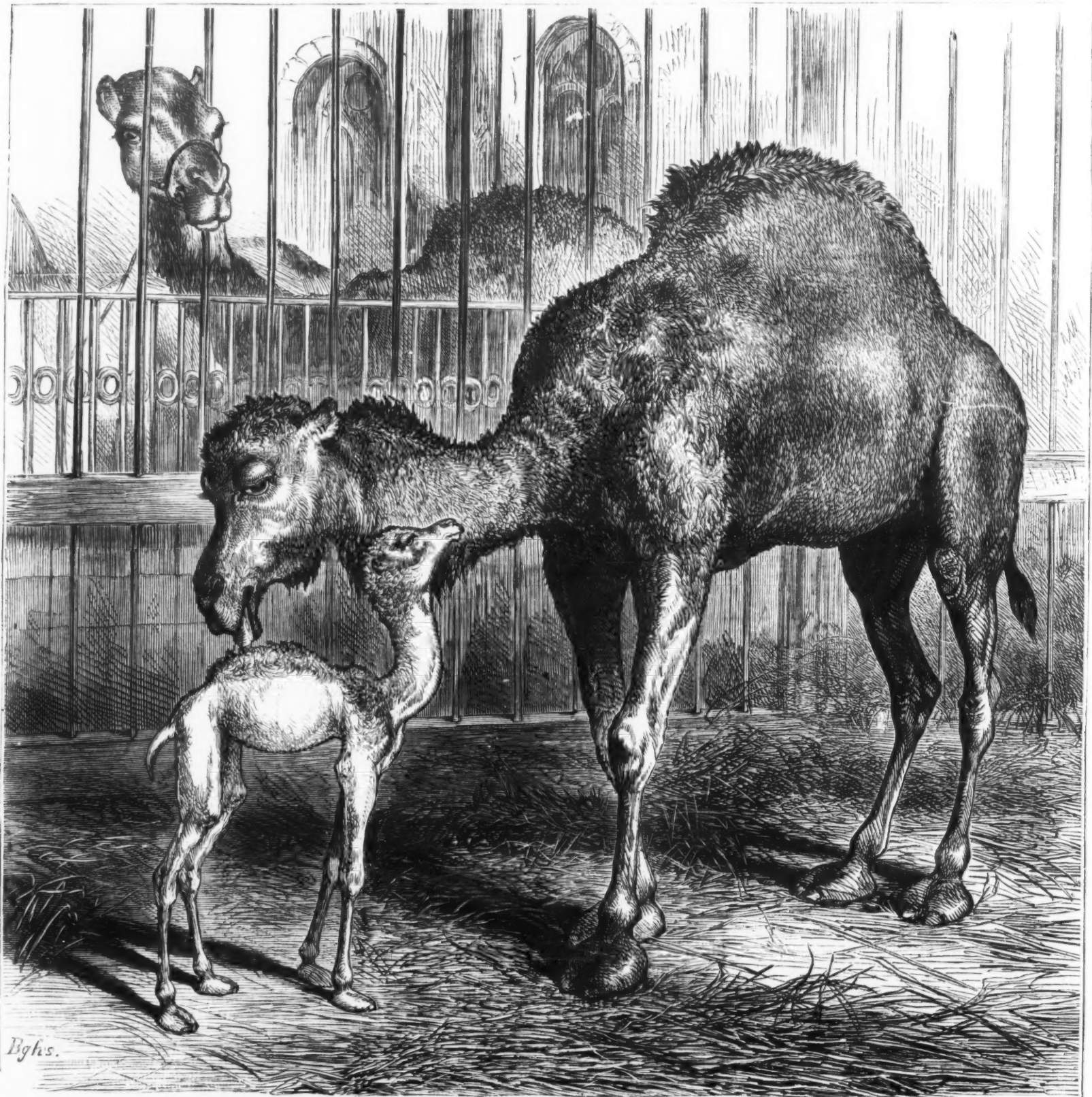
ACCORDING to the military system recently adopted in Russia, the peace establishment is to remain at 750,000 men, while the war establishment will be raised from 1,200,000 to 2,000,000, exclusive of militia and the troops stationed in Turkistan and Siberia.

THE Orléans Princes recently, for the first time, attended mass in commemoration of Louis XVI., at the Chapel of Expiation. The circumstance excites comment, and is regarded by some of the journals as an indication that the union of the Legitimists and Orléanists has been completed.

IN the Wharton trial, Professor Aiken, of Baltimore, testified that he had analyzed the sediment found in a glass of milk-punch, which had been placed in Mrs. Wharton's refrigerator for the use of Mr. Van Ness, and found it to contain 10 grains, or an approximate in quantity, of an "antimonial poison."

FENOUILLY, DECAMP and BENOT, the condemned Communists, were sent to Satory Plain. Fenouilly died without uttering a word. Decamp's last words were, "I die assassinated. Down with false witnesses, lawyers and Thiers." Benot died cheering the Republic, the Commune and the Army. Only one volley was fired, as all died instantaneously. There were but few spectators on the ground to witness the execution.

A GRAND national German display, partaking unitedly of a religious, military and corporate citizen character, was made recently at Potsdam. Their Majesties Emperor William and the Empress Augusta, accompanied by the Imperial Prince and the chief generals of the Army, attended in the garrison church of the city—one of the most remarkable and celebrated buildings in Potsdam—while the walls of the edifice were solemnly decorated with eighty-six flags which had been captured from the French during the late war. The scene was of a very imposing character.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE INFANT CAMEL AND ITS MOTHER IN THE ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION IN CENTRAL PARK.

## THE CAMEL.

THERE are two species of camel—the common camel of Arabia, which has but one hump, and the Mecheri or Bactrian camel, which has two. The former, however, is infinitely more valuable than the latter, being superior to it in every possible respect.

Although each individual of the animal kingdom is admirably fitted to perform the task assigned to it by nature, the camel presents an illustration in this connection the most singular and impressive. As the creature is intended to traverse immense sandy deserts, where not a single drop of water is to be met for days together, it is provided with a wondrous internal structure, where a considerable quantity of the precious fluid may be stored for future use. This miraculous reservoir is formed out of the honey-combed cells of the *reticulum*, which being distended, enables the beast, after its thirst is quenched, to receive and retain in its stomach five or six quarts of water, which are drawn upon sparingly as the long and weary journey progresses across the

burning waste. Aided by this hidden supply, the faithful and laborious creature browses upon the hard and withered thorns found thinly scattered through the desert, where, when pressed by dire necessity, it often eats pieces

of dry wood from which it appears to extract some nutriment.

The feet of the camel are well adapted for walking on sand, as the toes are broad and furnished with soft, wide cushions; and as the

animal has to kneel whenever it is laden or unladen, the knees and breast are furnished with thick, callous pads which support its weight without injuring the skin. Thus equipped by nature for its singular life, it faces the trackless

expanse, which it traverses with an ease and celerity that has won for it the significant appellation, "The Ship of the Desert."

The speed of the camel has been very much exaggerated, and may be rated at between three and four miles an hour. The Heirie or swift camel moves faster, but the average rate at which the common Arabian travels does not exceed that just mentioned. The hump of the animal is of great importance in the eyes of the Arabs, who judge of the condition of their beasts by its size, shape and firmness. The animal is said to feed on it; for, as the fatigues and privations of a long journey increase, it begins to diminish, until sometimes it is scarcely visible.

The camel supplies its owner with food and clothing, through the medium of its milk and hair. The former, mixed with meal, is a favorite dish among the children of the



MISSOURI.—AN ANCIENT LANDMARK OF ST. LOUIS—THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE CITY.—SEE PAGE 351



MASSACHUSETTS.—WAITING FOR THEIR BEANS—A SUNDAY MORNING SCENE IN A BOSTON BAKERY.—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.  
SEE PAGE 355.

desert, while the latter is spun into coarse thread, out of which cloth is manufactured. Its flesh is seldom eaten, because, it is presumed, the animal is too valuable to be killed. Sometimes, however, a rich Arab makes a feast, when one of his herd falls a victim to his hospitality.

In extreme cases, when the water fails in the desert, the camel is sacrificed so that the thirst of its parched or dying master may be assuaged from the hidden store already alluded to. On such occasions the water is found to be of a light-green color, and somewhat offensive to the palate, but scarcely more so than that which had for days been carried, until exhausted, in leathern bags across the creature's back, beneath a blazing sun.

Our illustration, on page 352, represents an Arabian camel and her young offspring, sketched from life by our artist, and now belonging to the fine collection of animals in Central Park. The grotesque, long-legged little creature first made its appearance among its species on the 17th of January, when, from its lengthy spindle shanks and wondrously small body, it appeared terribly out of drawing. As, however, we perceived its mother licking it most affectionately into shape, we think we are justifiable in leaving it in such good keeping for the present, and in dropping the subject at so opportune a juncture.

### THE COAL DEMON.

"WAS he never found?" I asked, breathless with horror.

"Never. For days and weeks men scoured the labyrinths of the cellar in parties, searching for him, but not the slightest trace of him could they find. His fate was, and still is, a fearful mystery, never to be explained."

"And you say he was very like me?"

"Very!—the same pale hair and soft, bright eyes."

"But mine are not soft."

"True. Your expression is unlike his; your forms are alike. He was slight and feminine in his build, and could have easily passed for a girl. His nature was peculiarly fine and sensitive. You know I showed you verses of his that you liked, wild as you are."

"Lost in this very cellar, above which I am now standing!—where I often go?"

"The same."

"Why did you never tell me before, grandfather?"

"It were better never to have told you. Who will bring me my russets now?—you will not dare."

I secretly shuddered.

"Yes; but I shall; I will go for them this very nightfall!"

"For what?" asked my mother, entering at that moment.

"Grandfather has told me about my uncle Paul."

She turned pale.

"How could you, father?" she asked.

"She made me do it."

"Do not blame him, mother. It is only fair that I should know about it, when I am named for Uncle Paul, and look so much like him."

"You are not in the least like him, Pauline. He was as gentle and good as you are wild and unmanageable."

"But I look like him, mother, dear? You yourself say so. Do I not look like him, mother?"

"Yes, yes; you look like him—that is all!"

"Did you ever just guess where he went to? I think I would have torn the cellar in pieces before I would have given up the search. I would have found him, or I would have died in the attempt."

"Hush, child! You could not have done what a hundred men could not."

"Could they not find him in some dark pit—some deep well under some fallen rock? I have heard water trickling when I have been there; and, one night a strong current of air nearly blew my light out. I scampered upstairs in a fright. There must have been a wide gap somewhere in the wall to let in such a gale."

"Nonsense!—your wild talk, Pauline! I myself went with a torch behind the others, through the winding corridors; they were quite damp, and walled in with clammy stonework that went like cold chills through me, and made me long for the warm breath of the upper air. But they were safe—there were no pitfalls."

"I wish I had been with you; I would have found a pitfall, a spring-door, an opening somewhere. I would have found my uncle Paul, or I would have lost myself."

"Pauline!" groaned my mother.

"Pauline!" echoed my grandfather.

I hurt both of them; but, what did I care?—I would have found my uncle Paul.

"I believe I could find him now!" I persisted.

"Quarter of a century ago he was lost, child, and you boast that you could find him! Hold your tongue, idle girl!"

"Indeed, I will not hold my tongue; nor am I an idle girl!" I answered, hotly.

Mother tried to soothe me.

"You irritate your grandfather, Pauline, getting yourself into a passion."

"I am in no passion," I answered; "but I will not be told to hold my tongue, and take it quietly."

"Let it wag, then," said my grandfather, feebly smiling.

I kissed him and made up; but I stole out of the room then, and went to look for Flo. I found her with her book, reading.

"Flo," I said, "shut your book; I have a secret to tell you."

Flo's great brown eyes brightened.

"A secret, Pauline?"

"Yes; promise never to tell—never as long as you live!"

"Yes," whispered Flo.

"Come closer."

She drew very near.

"Flo, Uncle Paul did not die. He was not murdered, as you and I have guessed; he was lost in our cellar!"

Flo stared at me. I told her what I knew.

"Who told you?" she asked.

"Grandfather."

"Was mother willing?"

"Of course; she had to be. There is no harm in knowing."

"It frightens me."

I laughed at her. I did not feel frightened or horrified now. Indeed, a wild scheme had presented itself to me, on account of which I had told Flo my secret.

"You are not a coward, Flo."

She smiled, well pleased. I thought Flo a coward, but just now, if I could, I wished to persuade both her and myself the contrary.

Flo was timid; I was bold. Flo was gentle and good; I was neither. My mother constantly held Flo up to me as a pattern. I thought her very good and lovable, and once or twice I found myself endeavoring to be like her.

Lest I should share the fate of the ambitious frog in the fable, I at last gave up my effort, and enjoyed being my sinful self.

"Do you not wish to see those damp walls and subterranean passages?" I asked. "Think, Flo! all our lives we have lived over them; it is time we saw them."

"Yes," she answered, timidly.

"Will you go with me?" pressing her cold hand eagerly.

She shuddered. The twilight was fading; long shadows stole darkly into the damp, still chamber where we sat.

"It is cold here, Pauline; I am going down," she said.

"After all, you are a coward," I cried.

She denied it.

"Then, you would stay here and listen to what I have to tell you."

"If you will tell me quick, I will stay."

"No, you need not; there is no fun in telling you anything, or in getting you to do anything, you get so frightened. Go down. I do not want you."

Of course, Flo would not go now, and begged me to tell her what I desired.

"You promise to do it?"

"Not till I know what it is."

"Just promise," I urged.

"No," answered Flo, decidedly.

Flo never would make blind promises.

"I am going to explore our cellar."

"Pauline!"

"To-night."

"Oh, Pauline!"

"And you must go with me."

"You are trying to frighten me."

"No; I am in earnest."

She threw her arms about me, and begged me not to go. I laughed, and declared that I would. She threatened to alarm our mother.

I called her "tell-tale" and "coward," and made her ashamed to do it. Dark as it was, I knew there were tears in her eyes, and her voice trembled.

"I shall go with you, then, if it kills me."

"It is not going to kill either of us. Of course you will go; I knew you would. We will take the big lantern, and a pall of ashes to mark our way. Come! let us go and prepare."

"I wish you would not go, Pauline!"

"I shall go; alone, if you are going to 'back out.'"

"I shall not let you go alone," Flo answered, her voice hoarse with horror and resolution.

Blind! I could not then appreciate Flo's brave spirit.

Night came on.

"Where are my apples, Pauline?" asked my grandfather, significantly.

"In the cellar, I suppose," I answered.

"Where they will remain, eh?"

"No; I am going for them now," I answered.

As I left the room I beckoned to Flo, who followed me, pale, but resolute; her eyes large and shining.

"Take this," giving her the basket.

I took the lantern and the pail of ashes. With fluttering hearts, we went silently down the stairs, steep and slippery with age. As I stepped into the gloom of the cellar, a terrible fear crept over me; I would have screamed and turned back had I dared. I could only move on, clinging, with my numb hand, to the lantern, which shot into the darkness pale, yellow gleams of ghastly light. Stopping to get the apples, I glanced at Flo. She was pale and frightened, like myself. I longed to cry out. At last summoning courage—

"Flo," I said, "we will carry up the apples, so they won't suspect."

My voice sounded strange and hollow, but it reassured me. Casting off the foolish terror that had crept over me, I entered upon the enterprise with a bold heart. We deposited the apples outside the cellar-door, which we shut quite softly, stealing back again down the tell-tale stairs.

"Come," I said, "we must hasten;" and I led the way to a long, narrow door that had been closed to me for many years. Now I intended to open it. I turned to Flo and whispered to her to scatter the ashes. By the gleam of the lantern I saw her lips look blue, and in her eyes there shone a haunting horror that touched and alarmed me. I did not dare to go on without her, or I should have compelled her to return. I laughed to cover my own uneasiness, and pushed the door gently. It remained closed. Pushing again, and harder, I moved it a little, rattling something above it.

"Pauline! the rocks!" shrieked Flo.

Too late! As she spoke I pushed with all my force against the door; a heavy rumbling sounded threateningly in my ears, and a great darkness followed. Into which I seemed to sink with a sudden agonizing sense of pain. Recovering myself, I called Flo. My own voice sounding back through the dark corridor was my only answer. I felt for matches in my pocket, but could find none. I must have left them behind me, or given them to Flo. I called her again, but there came no answer to my call.

Flo had deserted me. I sought to peer into the darkness, and as I became accustomed to it, I could see more distinctly the grim outlines of the place in which I was.

Imperceptibly at first there grew up around me a lurid light, by which I soon was enabled to distinguish my surroundings. I looked for the door in vain; where it had been I could not tell, for, now, there was no trace of it. On one side of me was a mound or wall of earth; on the other, an uneven layer of rocks, sweating dampness and mold, and covered with clammy moss.

I shivered with dread; this underground dungeon was not calculated to strengthen my failing courage, or to embolden my fainting heart. I questioned, Had the fatal door closed on me for ever? for ever shut me from the upper world? Was I to share the mysterious fate of my uncle Paul?

A low laugh sounded in my ear. I was not alone; but it was not Flo's laugh that I heard. I wondered had Flo run to give the alarm. Perhaps I never should see her again, nor my mother, nor my grandfather, nor any that I held dear; they would seek me in vain, as they had sought my uncle Paul before me.

I sprang aside from a flame that blazed suddenly at my feet. Out of the rocks little jets of fire flew hither and thither. I moved to get away from them, walking on the hard earth that sparkled with some introduced ore. The flame pursued me; I fled before it. Other flames sprang up round about me; fleeing from them, I had no choice but to lose myself in the labyrinth, all the time the light growing redder and warmer, until all about me was bathed in a burning crimson glow. Driven on, I approached an open space, where, in admiration of what I there beheld, my terror died away. The flame paused, allowing me to rest and view my situation. The walls about me were of burning coal; the floor of coal was black and sparkling; pillars of coal stood round me burning slowly, emitting various colored jets of flame. Strange noises swept round me like the whirling of invisible wings, or the hurrying by of airy garments, or quick, impatient feet. Bursts of laughter, followed by low murmuring, broke ever and anon upon the heated air. A weird enjoyment of the sights and sounds half reconciled me to my strange, impending fate. Sitting on the hard floor, I waited for any new event. Presently the central figure blazed higher and brighter, until it seemed breathing in the intensity of its light and heat. But a moment more and it grew suddenly dim, its lustre vanishing. Out from it rose a dull red vapor wrapping it about; changing, it wreathed in circles of blue and green and white, round and round, until it grew into a figure magnificently arrayed. Upon his head there rested a tiara, so wonderful in its mechanism that I gazed upon it spellbound.

The centre of this strange diadem, a crescent of fire, seemed as if alive. On one side of this imposing centre glowed that which was like a pallid star; on the other side there shone a wondrous jewel—a rainbow on fire; a thousand varied lights struggled to its surface, a mellow lustre overshadowing its brilliancy, as if each color were a feeling, each feeling struggling for utterance—as if over all brooded a great sorrow, mellowing into a golden glow. A soul in bondage might appear there, if a soul could be seen in its essence.

The face beneath this curious crown was a strangely handsome one. The deep-set eyes sparkled and glowed like live coals as he moved them.

Out from the other pillars shot flames that bowed to their seeming monarch. The flame before which I had fled came and bowed down before this king or demon: for he seemed half royal, half satanic.

"Are my commands obeyed?" asked the demon.

The flame bowed again in acquiescence; once more the wild, reverberating laughter sounded in my ears. Trembling, I sought to hide myself, as the demon, rolling his terrific eyes about, demanded, in a voice that thrilled me with fear: "Show her to me."

The flame turned, shooting its forked tongue toward me, and the burning eyes of the demon followed it, and rested full upon me. Under my feet I felt the ground soften and recede. Was I sinking underground? Was I there to mingle my bones with my uncle Paul's? Rising, the demon came to me, keeping his burning eyes still upon me. I sank down at the side of this terrible, handsome creature; he lifted me, and silently I let him bear me whither he would. He paused in a strange, dark cavern, through which I could see fires burning: a large and fearful one at its termination.

The demon placed me behind him.

"Follow me," he commanded.

"Where?" I asked, despite the dread that nearly paralyzed my tongue.

"Darest thou desire to know?" thundered he.

"There," pointing to the cavern's end, to the fire.

"And why?"

A wild burst of merriment.

"Come," he said, "and I will show thee."

I followed, impelled by curious dread. The cavern was long, much longer than it had seemed. Half way through, we paused.

"Sit down," said the demon.

I obeyed, sitting opposite to him. The rainbow jewel of his diadem sparkled over to me its thousand varying dyes, growing gradually clear and colorless like glass. In it I beheld a face. Mine! No; it was not my face, though very like it.

"My uncle Paul!" I cried.

"Two souls," murmured the demon. "My crown is almost complete." Throwing his bright garments about him in exultation—

"Power, I adore thee!"

"Two souls?"

I noticed his tiara; it was not a crescent that blazed in the centre, but the bright portion of a circle; a circle to be completed.

star awaited its twin-jewel. I doubted not whose soul it was that should be required to make it. I no longer questioned why I was here.

"My soul alone is wanting?" I asked.

He turned on me, amazed at my presumption.

"Yes, thine; a wondrous jewel it will make, it is so fearless."

I had found my uncle Paul. I had come to seek him, not to share his fate. I would not yield my soul to the waiting monster without a fearful struggle.

"I will have thy soul," he said, as if to make me conscious of my fatal peril.

I laughed till the black cavern sent back a thousand mocking echoes.

"Don't thou take it so merrily," shrieked the demon. "By all my subject powers, thou hast no soul!"

"Hst!" I said, drawing as near to him as his scorching breath would allow. "You have said it; I had a soul, but I lost it."

He turned on me with a gesture of menace and despair.

"Thou art trifling with me."

"Listen, and I will tell you how it came to pass."

"Not here; follow me," he said; "and if thou playest me false, thou shalt have cause to rue it."

I followed, drawing nearer and nearer to the heat and blaze of the fires.

"I will go no further," I said. "I have a body that can feel the heat, and no soul to give me fortitude to endure it. Stay here, while I relate my tale."

The demon yielded, and I sat at his feet, pines of blazing coal in front of me; behind, the deep gloom through which we had passed.

I trembled lest I should fall in playing Viviane to this terrific Merlin. I clung to one wild hope. Among the strange legends Flo and I had learned and listened to since our childhood, were many of fairies, sprites and gnomes, who through the dark hours of night reigned supreme, but who, when morning dawned, fled in terror and dismay. This creature, eager for my soul, might be subject to the fatal spell of daybreak. With the morning lay my only hope; I roused myself to beguile my awful companion from his fell purpose through the night.

I was not beautiful like Flo. My demon would have seen her soul looking out of her clear eyes, and in the workings of her innocent face. As for me, in my wildest moments I often verified my own false assertion. Times there were when my mother declared an imp impelled me—when grandfather shook his head deprecatingly, and Flo looked aghast.

Now I pulled the slken net off my hair, which fell loose and heavy to my feet; I shook my head until it hung like a curtain about my temples. Into my eyes, peering out, I sent a strange gleam of cunning that I knew well how to assume. I caught my reflection on the burnished floor on which I sat, and I stared at the sight of my own image.

"Thou art a demon thyself!" said my companion.

"Fitter to be with you," I answered.

"Thou hast a tale to tell me?"

"Yes; but give me time," I said, pushing the veil of hair from my forehead, and softening the light in my eyes as I bent them upon him.

"Did you ever behold the sea?"

"The sea!" shrieked the demon. "Why dost thou ask?"

"Wert thou ever tossed upon its foaming billows, backward and forward, in the great ships?"

"Ever? Ha, ha, ha!"

To my shrinking ears came the live echoes, "Ha, ha, ha!"

"We did the work well," he continued, with sparkling eyes; the crimson crescent glowing; the rainbow-jewel sending colored lights all about us. "The ship was a goodly one, safe in all her parts—a noble captain and a brave crew. But she was laden with costly merchandise, and King Neptune stretched out his arms to drag her down. Alone, he was powerless. He called loudly on Boreas to aid him. The mighty Wind blew the great waves up about the ship, and tossed it hither and thither; but it yielded not. Angry and ashamed, the sea-king had well-nigh given up his prey. Then it was I went and bargained for half the spoil. The ship was doomed. I gathered my eager subjects about me, and together we wrapped her in our devouring arms. With our terrible scorching breath we drove the terror-stricken crew into the pitiless, waiting deep. Neptune rejoiced: I laughed. Mourning and desolation swept over in the strong and furious blast. Then it was a longing seized me for supreme dominion. I called upon the powers of darkness. They came, and jeered at my desire. I persisted; and angrily they placed upon my head this crown, dull then and lustreless, save a lurid glow in the circle, and the pale amber light of the setting on either side.

"When thou findest two soul-jewels," they said, "and settest them in thy tiara, then shalt thou have thy desire; then, howling and shrieking, they left me. Thou seest I have lighted one half of my circle. I have stolen and set me one soul-jewel; for the other—why have I lied thee hither?"

"You cannot take the soul that I have not," I cried.

"Thou shalt never leave me until thou teltest me where to seek that lost soul of thine," attempting to grasp me tightly with his flaming arms.

I danced away from him.

"Touch me, and I do not tell."

"Speak!—I will not touch thee."

"I lay in my cradle, a sleeping babe. The West Wind stole in through the open window, and hovered about me with its gentle whispering, until my little soul, no longer able to resist, left me with one great sob, and fled away, wrapped in his great, shadowy wings."

"Cease!" thundered the demon. "Thou shalt return his spoil."

"Nay," I cried; "I have but half told you!"

He heeded me not, but stood waving his tall form backward and forward with an easy, gentle motion, creating a rustling breeze that fanned the flames about us into new life and lustre. Presently, a wild rushing sound could be heard coming nearer and nearer, bending the up-springing flames from side to side. A white misty cloud floated in front of us, melting into a scarcely visible form. A voice, low and murmuring, asked:

"What wouldst thou of the West Wind?"

I sank upon the burning ground in terror; my only hope—in wild entreaties.

"Hast thou yonder maiden's soul?" asked the coal-demon.

The shadowy spirit turned toward me, and mournfully shook his head.

"I have it not," he sighed.

"Save me!" I cried, beseechingly, but with a great sighing sob the West Wind passed me by, fanning my cheeks with his great white wings.

"I have conquered!" bellowed the demon.

Seizing me in his awful burning clasp, he dragged me to the eager fires, loud laughter echoing through the dim recesses.

Over me crept an awful blackness, closing about me, stifling and warm; against this I struggled with fearful energy, until a ray of softer light than I had seen broke in upon me. I opened my eyes upon my mother's face, pale, anxious and tear-stained.

"Thank God!" she cried; "she breathes again."

I shuddered. Flo came to gaze at me with her pitiful eyes, and, stooping, kissed me. My grandfather tremblingly approached, saying, in a hoarse whisper:

"Speak to me, Pauline."

"Am I saved? Is Uncle Paul saved? Where is the demon?"

"Hush," said my mother, gently; "you are safe, and so is Flo."

"Flo?" I asked.

"Yes," said Flo, "the rocks struck you dreadfully; they only grazed me."

"The rocks?" I went to sleep, wondering what she meant. When I awoke, no one was with me but Flo. She sat by me on the bed. I looked at her a moment.

"Flo, was the lantern broken?"

She started.

"Yes."

"I looked into her eyes, and we both laughed."

"What did you do?"

"I went for mother, and we got you upstairs. Your head was badly cut; there are blood-stains on the stairs."

"Were you frightened, Flo?"

"I think not, after the first. I was sick with my sorrow for you. Grandfather said he had killed you. If you had died, it would have broken his heart, I fear."

"Dear man, it was no fault of his."

"Your dreams must have been fearful."

"They were."

"You talked and laughed so wildly, mother was afraid you had gone mad. We had sooner you would have died, Pauline."

Flo's eyes filled with tears.

"I will tell you all about it some time, Flo." Turning from her, I tried to sleep.

She sat by me, very quiet and patient, thinking me asleep.

"Flo?"

"What, dear Pauline?"

"You are a great deal braver than I."

"Nonsense, Pauline."

She stooped and kissed me, then bathed my brow and sang me to sleep.

Years afterward, all were dead but me. I had the house torn down, the cellar blown up, and the mound of earth in it leveled. Out of the ruin they dug a headless skeleton. At last, I had found my uncle Paul!

## WAITING FOR THEIR BEANS.

THE bean is a native of Persia and of the borders of the Caspian Sea. According to Diodorus Siculus, the Egyptians were the first to cultivate it and to make it a common article of diet.

Beans thrive best in a rich, strong loam, and contain eighty-four per cent. of nutritious matter. There is said to be no other food upon which men can do so hard work. The *Faba vulgaris*, or bean commonly cultivated in Europe and America, is highly prized, and so well known as to need no special description here.

Baked beans are a favorite dish throughout New England, and are most popular among the lumberers of Maine and Wisconsin. They are, in addition, highly prized by farmers during the haying season, and form a prominent dish at their table.

In Boston, and some other Eastern towns and cities, a custom obtains, which will be found cleverly illustrated on page 353, by our artist, Mr. J. N. Hyde. Every Saturday night, such of the inhabitants as are partial to this dish send a crock, or other vessel, of beans, to be baked in some establishment close by, at a very trifle, and for which a check is given, so that each individual shall receive his or her proper lot or vessel, smoking hot, on the following morning.

Our engraving depicts the representative of almost every class in Boston, waiting for their beans on Sunday morning at the accustomed bake-house. There is nothing *infra dig.* connected with the proceeding, as rich and poor, high and low, are here gathered together, and may be seen subsequently wending their way homeward with their precious freight, the wealthiest unconscious of any loss of caste.

MR. JAMES OAKES, whose duties in connection with the settlement of Edwin Forrest's property have kept him from Boston for a time, has arrived home. The property of the late Mr. Forrest lies in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi and Missouri, and, consequently, if Mrs. Sinclair claims any of it, she must take out letters of administration in each of these States.

## KING HEMP.

JAMES J. D. TRENOR.

THERE'S murder in the air. The gleaming knife Is brandished, and the quicker pistol-shot Rings out its tale of death in petty strife.

Men sup on horrors. 'Tis our ghastly lot To breathe an atmosphere surcharged with blood—

Not shed by serried ranks, who calmly look Upon the outgush of this noblest flood

In battle's shock. Such men could never brook The viller sort of stratagem, where life

Is flung away, and, unawares, a man Is slain! Not as when men for daughter, wife,

For country wronged, for freedom, or for plan Big with a nation's destiny, do fight.

Do nobly pawn their lives, and risking much Themselves, do slay their foe. Such use of right

Is terrible enough. The deeds of such As in the rush of war the foemen smite,

Are no dishonor. Even the burning town, The clash of arms, the hurried flight,

The scattering cohort rudely sabred down, Have their excuse. 'Tis this: Death to one's door

Comes not unchallenged, when, for weighty cause, Two nations, lacking umpire, do appeal

To battle's fell arbitrament. Then laws Of country call her sons to face the foeman's steel.

Each man is party to the hazard dread, When nations throw their sword into the scale;

And when a country mourns such valiant dead, She mourns not slain whose death was no avail.

Nor, in like case, would I the hand refuse That, in fair stand-up fight, my brother's gore

Had shed. Such doth the code of war excuse, And manly minds think of the deed no more.

Far otherwise when malice, rankling hate, Greed, lust, revenge, or jealousy, excite

To deeds of blood. What plea shall then abate Man's sternest wrath; when the enfeoffed right

Of each one to his life, heaven's high bequest, Is boldly disallowed; is held so cheap

That every villain holding his behest As law 'gainst this prime right, should steep

His hands in blood, his fellow calmly slay, Give himself airs, the hero act, and while

He looks on what we shrink from with dismay, A murdered man, his handiwork, should smile?

Time was when murder courted darkest night, And the great wrong was wrought by waning brand:

Even stealthiest craft could not endure the light, So plotted in the gloom with unseen hand.

Men stood aghast as ran the horrid news From mouth to mouth: they spoke with bated breath

In stricken knots, sense seeming to refuse Its office for a while: as when the shaft of death,

From hidden cover, noiseless striketh home The weakling of the herd, standeth the deer!

All this is changed. Our nostrils are become Used to the smell of blood. The wholesome fear

Of the dread reck'ning for blood-guiltiness Itself is dead. We get our morning meal

Of murder cheap. Each devilish excess Of willful onslaught on the common weal,

Of rage, and hate, greed, lust and spite, Dram-frenzied wrath, and sudden angered pride,

Kid-gloved revenge, and fustian barroom fight, Have rapid gone to swell the hideous tide,

Till it hath burst its bounds. This isle, to-day, Reminds of Egypt, when the rising flood

Of Nile turned crimson, and, with blanched dismay, Her children saw their land a lake of blood!

Whence this wild revelry of crime? Shall this For ever last; law a mere name be called?

Justice a byword held, and stoop to kiss Those whom she dare not strike? Ye who appalled

At crime's stern omphale, quake, liegemen of right, I ask what Justice means. If not the type

Of man's resolve to punish crime, and smite The culprit home, what then? Or shall we wipe

Her name from our minds, and paint her dead As well as blind, with shivered scale and sword?

Found a nobility of steel and lead? Take Morgan's hint—the chieftain of the horde

In marble sing! enthrone him in the Park? Dub him a Judge, if such a place he needs,

And calmly settle down to face the dark Reality of crime unscotched? Who bleeds,

Beyond the slain, when crime unfettered stands With reeking blade? Society. Who pleads

'Gainst this stupendous wrong, and sternly brands The craven age, when sordid love of gold

Can smother blood's tremendous, awful cry; Can swathe the Judging, whose voice is sold.

In murder's winding-sheet? Outraged humanity. Great God! We send our sons to meet the foe,

And, tho' we weep the slain, we stoutly hold Such death an honor; but are told we owe

More lenience to the wretch, who, rendered bold By law's miscarriage, doth his hands imbrue

In guiltless blood! Show him the wholesome fact, That *Hemp is King*, when trusty men and true

Do murder find, or e'en when life's attacked. So shall ye nations' honest, rightful scorn

Disarm, and say, "Twas night, but now 'tis morn."

## BULWER.

IT is neither as a statesman nor as a leading member of English society that the death of Lord Lytton appeals to the heart of the educated man. It is under his name as Bulwer, and as one of the greatest novelists that England has ever produced. He is as well known and as widely read in this country as in his own, while there is scarcely a civilized tongue into which most of his writings have not been rendered. Poet, dramatist and novelist, he has been enabled to achieve a positive success in each of these callings; while, as a political writer, the mere fact that he earned his baronetcy by the piquancy of his pen, employed upon the Liberal side, may prove his high standing. Besides, but for some physical difficulty in his enunciation when he spoke at any length, he must have taken high standing as an orator.

At the time of his death Lord Lytton had not fulfilled the allotted span of life for man; he was merely sixty-seven years of age. Yet, during this period, his literary labors had been so uninterrupted, that its amount was more than most men close upon a century of life, and possessed, during the whole of that period, of sound health, could have accomplished.

He was barely twenty-two years of age when he published his first novel, "Falkland," which was unsuccessful, and a collection of verses possessed of no great merit. Ten years after this, he brought out, under Macready, "The Duchess de la Vallière," his first four-act play. This was also a failure, like "Falkland" and "Weeds and Wild Flowers." Yet, in each line of literary production, he afterward won for himself a position which he retained until the day of his death. It would be a waste of time and

space for us here to recapitulate the titles of every romance, novel or drama which he penned and published. These are so widely known, with the exception of a few failures, and have been so carefully enumerated in our daily and many of our weekly journals, that it would be useless doing so. We may, however, point out "The Last of the Barons" as very possibly his grandest romance. At any rate, it is such a romance as no living author could have written. Although scarcely the most popular, "My Novel," perhaps, stands the foremost among his works in this branch of fiction. "Richelleu" is his finest, if not his most popular, drama, while "Money" is, next to Sheridan's "School for Scandal," in all probability the best comedy in the English language. His poetical translations of Schiller's shorter poems and ballads, and his epic of "King Arthur," ought not to be forgotten. The first is, perhaps, the best poetical translation from the German ever given us in English, and may claim a right to stand on a level with Coleridge's dramatic rendering of the "Wallenstein" and "Picoletini," and Carlyle's version of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Such a reckoning of his triumphs in three branches of literature, in every one of which he had achieved, at first, an almost thorough failure, can scarcely fail to give the reader some impression of his wonderfully determinate and persevering literary character.

As a politician, he achieved a quasi-eminence, being ultimately rewarded for it by a place in Lord Derby's Administration, as Colonial Secretary, in 1858-59. In 1866 he was raised to the peerage under the title of "Lord Lytton of Knebworth." This distinction was, however, due to his position in his native county as a large landowner, rather than his talent. With his moral errors we have nothing to do. He sleeps "the long sleep." His fellows have only to reckon with him for that which he has left, and which, so long as the English language exists, can scarcely perish.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### The Inundation of the Loire at Nantes, France.

One of the sad consequences of the inundation of the Loire at Nantes, France, in its suburbs, is the impossibility of conducting funerals in the ordinary way. Many of the streets are submerged to such an extent as to render them impassable for hearses and carriages. Boats are used to carry the coffin containing the remains, the parson conducting the funeral ceremonies, the relatives and mourners, to the cemetery, or to some convenient spot on land, where they are met by a hearse and carriages, and the funeral procession is continued as usual. Sometimes the cemetery or burial-vault is surrounded by water and the street is free. In this case, carriages and hearses are used to the water's edge, and a boat completes the journey to the tomb.

### The Inundations of the Seine at Bercy and the Pont Royal.

Of the different quarters of Paris exposed to the overflow of the Seine, Bercy was the first to be inundated and put completely at the mercy of the waters. The losses here were only on goods and chattels which belonged to wealthy men and firms. The poorer classes and the workmen reaped a harvest, in the increase of work and pay. The streets were like canals, and were crossed by bridges of boats. Travel in the streets was also conducted with boats. A crowd of curious persons might be seen at any time of the day during the floods looking at the water-mark on one of the pillars of the Pont Royal.

### The Thames Inundation as seen from Windsor Castle.

The valley of the Thames, from Staines to above Windsor, and up to Maidenhead, presented an extraordinary spectacle during the floods, which covered miles of the low lands on each bank of the river in the week before Christmas. The lower parts of the town at Windsor and Eton were inundated to a depth of several feet in some places, so that the inhabitants of Cambridge Terrace and Oxford Road were obliged to use punts to and from their dwellings. When divine worship was performed on the Sunday at the parish church of Bray, half a dozen boats were constantly employed to bring the congregation over the adjacent water; and the country people coming to market on other days reached Maidenhead by a similar conveyance. The view from the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, which is shown in our illustration, was exceedingly strange. The Eton College playing-fields, the Brocas, and the neighboring meadows, the ground about the Provost's Fishing Lodge at Black Pots, and Romney Isle, below the bridge, with a vast extent of land at Chalvey, Eton Wick, and Dorney, were submerged. The town and college were almost surrounded with water, and converted into a peninsula.

### Christmas Tree of Alsatiens-Lorrains, at Paris.

A touching ceremony distinguished the Christmas festival this year in Paris. The Parisian Committee of Relief for Alsace and Lorraine held a meeting in the hall of Alcazar, to which all the poor children of the annexed provinces who were in Paris were invited. It was a sort of family reunion on a large scale, and all present seemed to feel tenderly toward each other, and be imbued with a spirit of patriotism. The children, many of them very young, were immensely delighted with the gifts they received from the gigantic Christmas-tree, which had been reared at the lower end of the hall, and which, until the ceremonies had begun with a patriotic air by the famous Garde-Républicaine, had been concealed from the gaze of the children by a large curtain. As the tree was displayed, the flags of France were seen in the background between the coats-of-arms of Alsace and Lorraine, which were draped in black. To the roots of the tree adhered some of the mother earth of the soil of Alsace-Lorraine, from which it had been taken only the day before. At this sight all melted into tears and betrayed the liveliest emotion. An Alsatian then read a poetical address. After the festival had terminated, amid cries of "Vive la République! Vive la France!" the tree, according to the national custom, was broken into fragments, which were divided among the company and carried off as mementoes. Among the spectators were many distinguished men, including M. Gambetta, some of the French leaders, and several deputies of the National Assembly. Over 4,000 persons were present, and 2,000 gifts were distributed to the children.

### Pilgrimage of Our Lady of Auray.

The fête of Our Lady of Auray took place at Auray, in Brittany, France, on Sunday, December 8th, in the presence of a considerable number of pilgrims from all parts of the Republic—40,000 arriving from different places in Brittany alone. The Archbishop of Rennes,

the bishops of Vannes, Sainte-Brieux and Nantes were present at the head of their faithful flocks. The bishops of Nantes and Vannes were the orators of the occasion. The enthusiasm and religious fervor of the vast audience were immense. Each bishop said mass for his diocese in the midst of his own parishioners. Every incoming train brought new arrivals of the faithful, who immediately proceeded to the Church of St. Anne d'Auray, several miles from the depot. The pilgrims made the tour of the church in procession, notwithstanding a drenching rain-storm, stretching out into an almost interminable line.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

JAPAN and the Corea are still at loggerheads. A SON-IN-LAW of Ole Bull is a State Senator in Wisconsin.

MR. FROUDE is son-in-law of the editor of the London Times.

GARIBALDI is going to make a tour of Scotland next summer.

THE remains of Lord Lytton have been buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE 136th birthday of Tom Paine was celebrated at Bridgeport on the 29th of January.

PRESIDENT GRANT is growing fleshy—so says a female scribbler who has interviewed him.

GENERAL KLAPKA is to reorganize the Turkish Army in two years for 600,000 forins.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHNSON intends to establish his residence permanently at Nashville, Tenn.

A NEPHEW of Napoleon Bonaparte is said to be practicing medicine at Marine City, Mich.

PRINCE NAPOLEON and his wife, Princess Clotilde, lately paid a visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

EX-GOVERNOR REED, of Florida, will devote himself to agriculture, "and keep a farm and carters."

GEORGE M. PULLMAN is in Europe, endeavoring to have his "palace car" put in use on the railroads there.

NEW YORK has been visited by another snow-storm, but of infinitely less severity than the one preceding it.

PRESIDENT THIERS has received the patent conferring the title of Daimon of the First Class in the Japanese Order of Teich.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia Ledger, and wife, were recently the guests of the President and Mrs. Grant.

HIS Royal Highness Prince Arthur of England has visited His Holiness Pope Pius IX. and His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli.

ONE of the most promising students at Cambridge is a Hindoo at Christ's College, who is distinguished as a mathematician.

WILLIAM A. SIGOURNEY, who claimed to be a son of Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, was fined for petty larceny, in Boston, the other day.

THE Shah of Persia has granted to Baron Renter an exclusive right to construct railways, tramways, and waterworks, in that kingdom.

HORACE BINNEY, of Philadelphia, has given \$1,000 to Harvard College. This venerable gentleman, aged 93, was graduated at Harvard in 1797.

ALBERT DRAYTON, who did great service in saving life when the *Royal Adelaide* was lost, has died of over-exertion and exposure on the beach.

THE late Baron James Rothschild left an investment of 1,000,000 francs, the interest of which is to be used in paying house-rent for poor families in Paris.

A MR. DIXON offers to remove Cleopatra's Needle and erect it on the Thames embankment, London, for \$75,000. What "darns" it would cause before it got there.

MR. JOHN A. HALDERMAN, ex-Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, reached Cairo, Egypt, on December 13th, after an overland journey through Turkey, Syria and Palestine.

DURING the recent tour of His Excellency the Viceroy of India, he was attacked with Sind fever, which induced him to give up his intended visit to Jacobabad and hurry on to Sukker.

THE Governor of Florida recommends, in his message to the Legislature, that all cases, whether civil or criminal, be tried without a jury, unless a jury is required by one of the parties interested.

M. SCHOUVALOFF, who had come from the Government of Russia to negotiate with that of England relative to the proceedings of Russia in Central Asia, has failed in his mission, and returned to St. Petersburg.

THE verdict of the Court of Appeals on the case of Foster has caused the greatest consternation among the inmates of "Murderers' Row," in the Tombs, who, while expressing pity for him, seem to dread a like fate for themselves.

THE British ship *West Derby*, with a valuable cargo of cotton, went ashore on the Pelican Shoals, Tortugas, on the 4th of January. She was rescued, after great exertions, by the revenue cutter *Northerner*, on the 7th, and towed into the harbor of Key West.

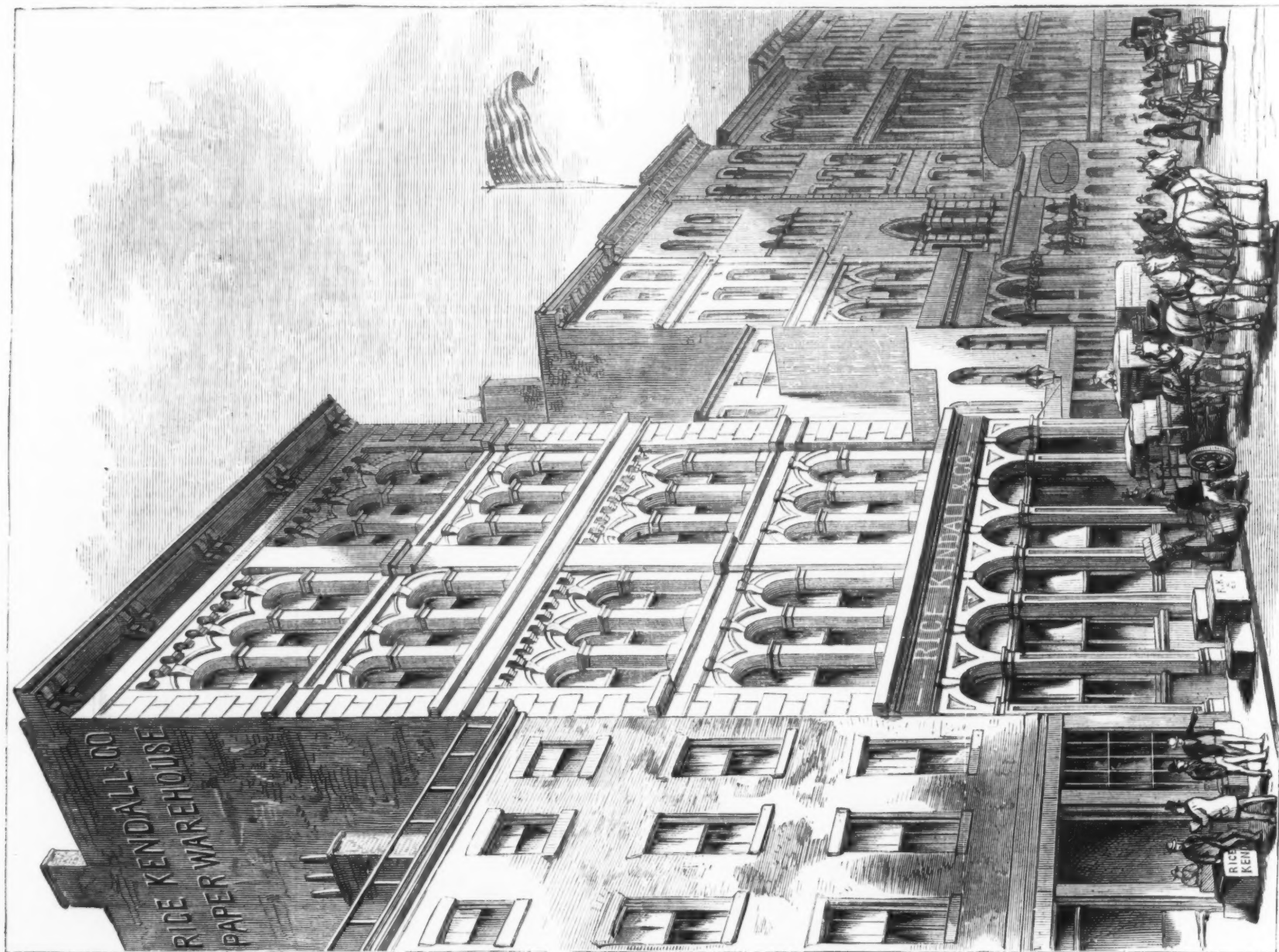
THE Turkish Government has brought suit against the London Times for libel in publishing communications, alleged to have been signed by the Turkish Minister in London, containing untrue statements in reference to the finances of the Government of Turkey.

A LETTER published by the Berlin Geographical Society announces that three African explorers, by the west coast, have arrived at Cameroons. Dr. Buchholz proceeded to Bilbia. Dr. Reichmann and Dr. Lichner hope to find an opportunity to penetrate the interior.

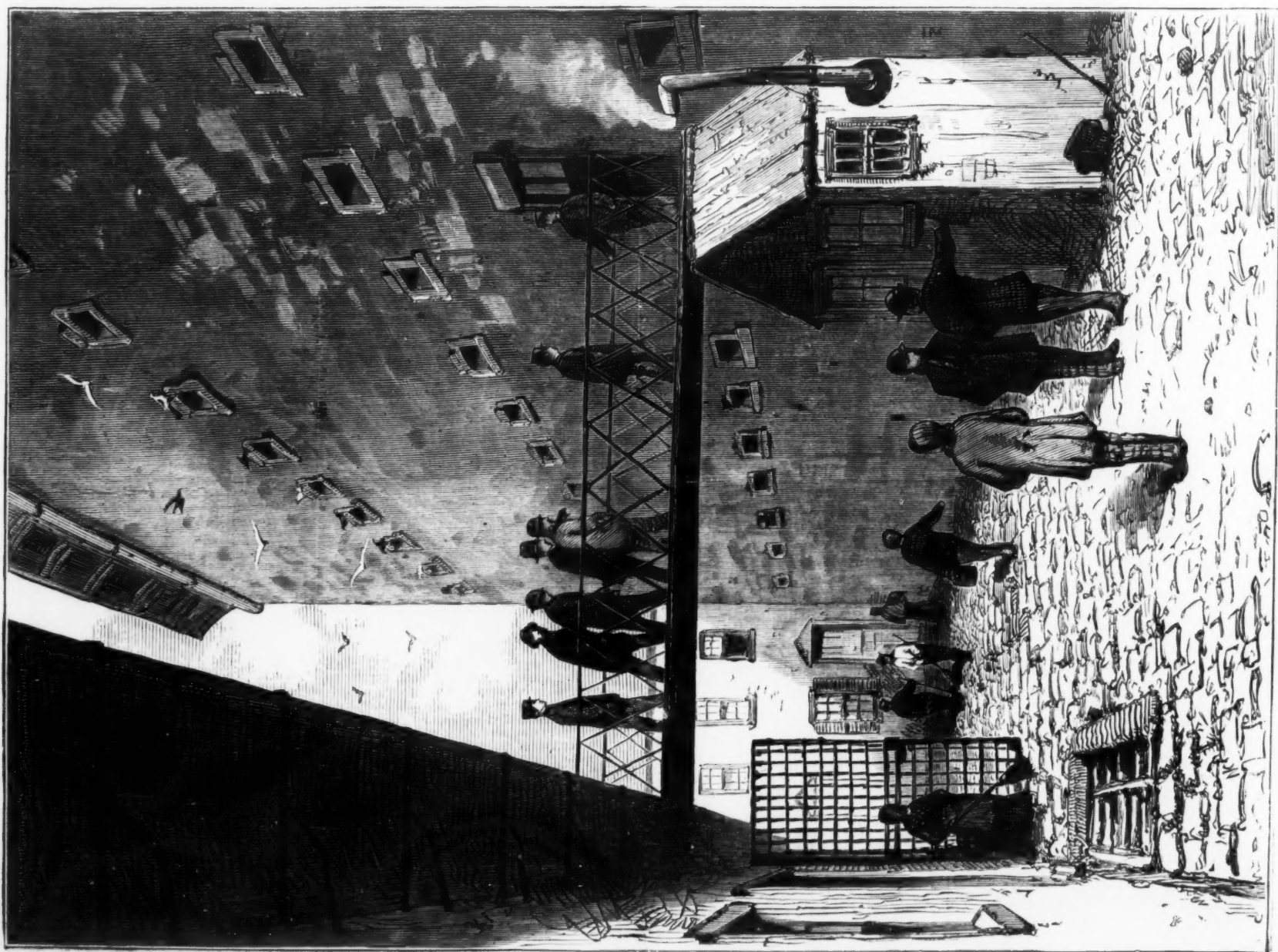
CAPTAIN G. D. MORRISON, of the ship *General McClellan*, has been awarded a gold watch and chain by the London Board of Trade, for rescuing the crew of the wrecked British ship *Crusader*. The mates and several sailors of the *General McClellan* were also awarded presents.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Birmingham, England, January 23d, the Mayor presiding, at which speeches were made and resolutions passed condemning the slave trade in Africa, Polynesia and Cuba. A resolution was also adopted urging Her Majesty's Government to support the American Government in the demand it makes on Spain for the abolition of slavery in the Antilles.

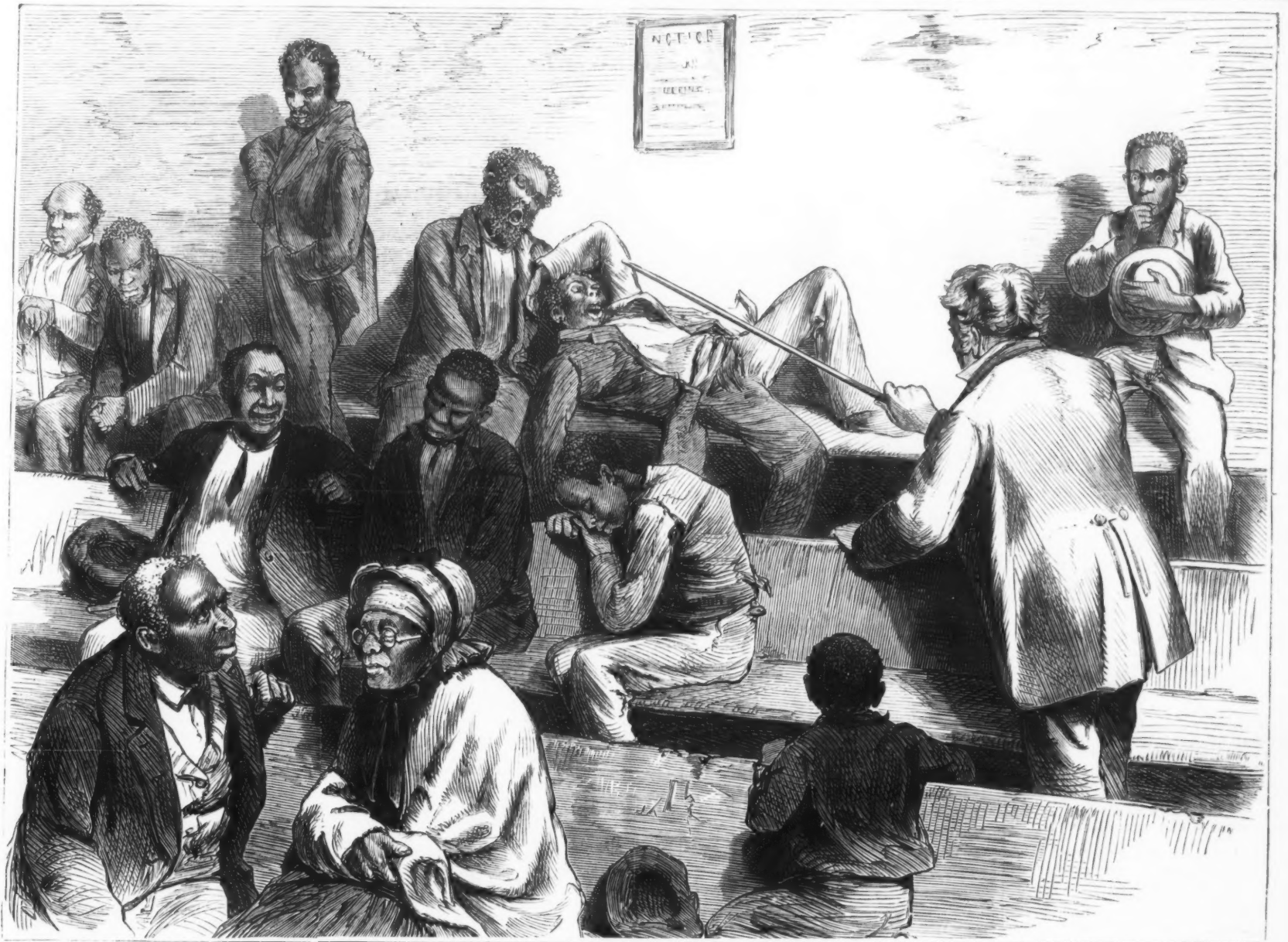
THE Australian emigrant ship *Northfleet*, with 412 souls on board, and laden with iron, while recently lying at anchor off Dungeness, England, was run into, in a fog during the night, by a steamer, when, it is reported, that upward of 300 persons were immediately drowned; the steamer having passed on its way without stopping to aid the ill-fated vessel. The Government has offered a reward for the discovery of her name.



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE NEW PAPER WAREHOUSE OF RICE, KENDALL & CO., IN STATE STREET, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 353.



NEW YORK CITY.—"THE BRIDGE OF SMOKE," IN THE CITY PRISON (THE "TOMBS").



MARYLAND.—STIRRING UP THE SNORERS—A SCENE IN THE NEGRO GALLERY OF THE ANNAPOLIS COURT-HOUSE DURING THE WHARTON TRIAL.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

HON. WARD HUNT,  
JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES  
SUPREME COURT.

THE retirement of Judge Nelson from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States was the cause of grave apprehensions in the minds of the legal profession. It was feared that the President might in this instance follow the precedents which he himself has established, and degrade that high office by placing in it some one of the Casey, Dent or Murphy tribe. Happily for the country and for the reputation of the President, these fears were unfounded. By the appointment of Judge Ward Hunt, the mantle of his illustrious predecessor, the ermine so long and worthily worn, and which comes from him without a blemish, descends upon equally worthy shoulders. To the Bar of New York State, where he is known and appreciated, words of encomium upon Judge Hunt would seem to be unnecessary. Having occupied the highest judicial position in this State, and having, by his ability, purity, and conscientious discharge of duty, won golden opinions from every one who has appeared before him, his selection as the successor of Judge Nelson was a matter of congratulation among his professional brethren without regard to political distinctions.

Judge Hunt is, we believe, a native of New York State, and has been long and favorably known throughout the western section as a safe, earnest, and honorable lawyer. He occupied a seat in our Court of Appeals for a number of years, and toward the close of his term officiated as the Chief-Justice of the Court. Upon the adoption of the Amendment to the Constitution a few years since, the old Court of Appeals was abolished, but its then Judges were continued as a special commission for hearing the appeals then pending, and it was while occupying that position that Judge Hunt was transferred to the United



HON. WARD HUNT, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED ASSOCIATE-JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THORP OF WASHINGTON.

States Supreme Court. He is about fifty-five years of age, of fine presence and most polished and dignified manners.

His portrait, which we present to the public in this issue, is by Thorp, whose thorough art education is manifest in the admirable photographic studies which he is producing at the Capital.

SCENE IN THE NEGRO  
GALLERY

OF THE  
COURT-HOUSE AT ANNAPOLIS  
DURING THE WHARTON  
TRIAL.

DURING the first trial of Mrs. Wharton, the gallery set apart in the Court-House of Annapolis for the colored population was densely crowded. Not unfrequently were the proceedings and the eloquence of the Bar interrupted by the nasal thunder of some of the children of Ham, who evinced their deep interest in the case by falling asleep and snoring at the top of their bent. Taught by experience, the Court, during the trial now in progress—as illustrated by our engraving—has appointed an officer to take such drowsy delinquents in hand, which he does by recalling, with a sharp poke of a long stick, from the Land of Nod such transgressors as too forcibly announce their occupancy of it.

“THE BRIDGE OF  
SIGHS.”

A VISITOR to the Tombs, in passing along the yard, will not fail to notice a slight iron bridge leading to the male prison, and about twenty-five feet above the walk. The name applied to it is, like that given the condemned cells near by, perfectly a matter of journalistic fancy. It resembles, in association, at least, the famous *Ponte dei Sospiri* at Venice. Each leads to a strong place of confinement, and each springs from a structure in



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6. Hangman's Gate, near  
Colorado City.
7. Landscape in Indiana  
& Valley of Isere.
8. Rainy Sunday.
9. View of Rio Janeiro.
10. Cedar Creek, Virginia.
11. Shakespeare's Statue  
in Central Park, N.Y.
12. Room in which Shake-  
speare was Born.
13. Shakespeare Vase.
14. Delaware River—Sun-  
set.
15. What Shall I Do?
16. Gilbert and Ame-  
thysta.
17. Scene in Savannah.
18. Girl in the Fields.
19. Lake of Cashmere.
20. Moonlight Boating.
21. Friend of the Flowers.
22. First Train in Con-  
stantinople.
23. Mound Prairies.
24. Training her Pets.
25. Walls of Boulogne.
26. Flora Macdonald's  
Monument.
27. The Volcano of Jorullo  
in Mexico.
28. Pleasure Party.
29. London as Seen from  
Kew.
30. Comanche Indians on  
a Raid.
31. Shepherd and his  
Flock.
32. Which is the Fattest?
33. Fire Engines of St.  
Petersburg.
34. Beggars of Brittany.
35. The Late Archbishop  
Spaulding.
36. Lafayette Lake, Fla.
37. Leafless Trees.
38. Sepulchre in Jeru-  
salem.
39. View in Jerusalem.
40. Simon's Bay, Cape of  
Good Hope.
41. Javanese Dance.
42. Bringing Home the  
Second Wife.
43. Stormy Petrel.
44. New Year's Day in  
Japan.
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India.
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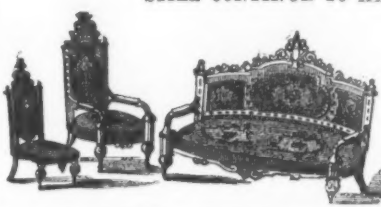
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"Sam Lawson's Stories," etc., etc.

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Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The End  
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This is the nom de plume of another favorite story-  
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We present to every subscriber for 1873 a copy of  
our Illustrated Holiday Number of December 18th,  
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and many others. In this commences Miss Alcott's  
new story, the succeeding number of which, up to  
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A NEW AND EXQUISITE FRENCH  
OLEOGRAPH,

(A name given only to the highest and choicest class of  
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The color, the finish, the delicacy of conception, the  
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painted expressly for the CHRISTIAN UNION, and  
will be presented to its Subscribers. The origi-  
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the acknowledged master of that art in the whole  
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This picture, while beautifully complete in itself,  
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They are still in unabated demand, and no wonder,  
for they win the heart as well as the eye, and, as the  
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continue to PRESENT THE PAIR to every Annual  
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cannot fail to please all who love art or children.  
Or, we will present both the Oleograph, and the  
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ONE YEAR, ONLY \$3,

1. Every subscriber, for three dollars, shall receive  
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Holiday Number, the opening chapters of Miss Al-  
cott's new story to January 1st, and the choice be-  
tween the two picture premiums, viz: the charming  
PAIR of Oil Chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast  
Asleep," and the exquisite OLEOGRAPH, "Little  
Runaway and her Pets."

\$22 Worth of Pictures Free.

HOW? LOOK!

2. Any one sending \$5.75, shall receive the CHRIS-  
TIAN UNION for two years, the Illustrated Holiday  
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story to January 1st, and BOTH of the Picture Pre-  
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The Picture Premiums thus presented are deliver-  
able at the publication office. If the subscriber adds  
ten cents, for expenses of wrapping, mailing, etc., of  
either premium (\$3.10 altogether), the copies will be  
mailed, post-paid; and if the subscriber sends 25  
cents more (\$3.35 altogether), the copies so mailed  
will be strongly mounted, sized, and varnished, all  
ready for framing—the pair of chromos on card-  
board and the Oleograph on limp canvas. Or, the  
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ber and back numbers of Miss Alcott's story FREE.  
The most taking "Combination" the largest com-  
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No. 30 Wall Street, January 28, 1873.

**THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY** now has in full operation, with  
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recently completed section of sixty-five miles, on the Pacific Coast, at once commands a profitable business  
between Puget Sound and Columbia River, heretofore done by coastwise steamers. On the opening of Spring  
with more than 500 miles of Road in regular operation, the company will control the extensive and pro-  
ductive trade of the Upper Missouri, much of Montana and the Northwest. The earnings of the Road for  
1873 will be large.

Arrangements for pushing construction vigorously the coming year are progressing satisfactorily.  
Of the nearly Ten Million acres of land accruing to the Company in connection with the portion of Road  
now virtually constructed, some Two Million acres of excellent average quality are in market, and their sale  
and settlement progressing. The average price thus far realized is \$5.66 per acre—which is at the rate of  
more than \$100,000 per mile of Road for the whole grant.

The Company has already begun the process of redeeming and canceling its First Mortgage Gold Bonds,  
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With these accomplished results and most favorable prospects, the Company is now selling its First  
Mortgage 7-30 Bonds for the purpose of completing its line of road. We recommend them as a well secured  
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the obligation of a strong corporation; they are a First Mortgage on a Road, its right of way, telegraph  
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# STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1873.

Real Estate owned by the Company	\$ 50,000 00
Cash in Bank and hands of Agents	235 770 84
Loans on First Mortgages Real Estate	784,797 56
Deferred Premiums (being balance of Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums)	61,324 41
Accrued Interest (not due)	24,959 87
Taxes on Stock owned by non-residents	922 80
United States Government Bonds	353,960 00
State and Municipal Bonds	127,900 00
Railroad Stocks and Bonds	143,280 00
Bank Stock	321,130 00
Railway Passengers Assurance Co's Stock	156,000 00

Total Assets - \$2,259,945 48

LIABILITIES.

Claims unadjusted and not due	\$ 167,136 77
Reserve for Re-insurance, Life Dept	1,207,169 90
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dept	180,267 23

Total Liabilities - \$1,554,573 90

Surplus as regards Policy-holders - \$705,371 58

Statistics of the Year 1872.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Number of Life Policies written in 1872	3,367
Whole number written to date	15,693
Gain in Net Premiums over 1872	\$48,696 12
Whole number of Death Losses paid to date	165
Amount paid in Death Losses	\$388,036 13

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number of Accident Policies written in '72	32,418
Net Cash Premiums rec'd for same	\$450,678 63
Gain in Net Premiums over 1871	\$53,009 29
Whole No. Accident Policies written	267,000
Whole number Accident Claims Paid	16,710
Whole amount Acc't Claims Paid	\$1,642,358 21
Total Losses Paid, both Dep'ts	\$2,030,394 33

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printing in oils—the perfection of chromo). We also  
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Chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep,"  
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day, and many others from \$5 and \$10 to \$40 per day.  
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